The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1929 No. 3361

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Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 34, Clifton Gardens, W. 9, London, England.

THE ADJOURNMENT of the futile special session of Congress, after the Senate had been solemnly warned by President Hoover that it must legislate or confess itself unable to do so, marks the complete breakdown of the Republican Party's conduct of the government. It reflects upon the President who, as Paul Anderson points out elsewhere in this issue, has shown not only a total lack of leadership but of any understanding of what should constitute leadership, and in equal measure upon the so-called Republican leaders in House and Senate. When any party has sunk to such a pass that it finds itself compelled to fall back upon a Jim Watson as its mouthpiece in the Senate; when it places its future in the House in the hands of Congressmen like Tilson of Connecticut, it need only anticipate creeping paralysis. Of course it is the fashion to lay all the blame upon the Progressives and to say that if they had only remained loyal everything would have been satisfactory. Nothing of the kind. If the Senate had immediately voted the Tariff Bill as it came from the House it would in our judgment have put Mr. Hoover in a worse position than he is in now. This not only because it would have proved the complete ineptitude and the crass selfishness of the Republican leadership of both houses, but because it would have constituted a direct violation of his promise to alter the tariff only on schedules affecting the farmer. It is a stiff dose for the President to swallow, but it has saved him from a bitterer.

PRESIDENT HOOVER has now completed his delegation to the London Disarmament Conference by the selection of Ambassador Morrow and the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Adams. We confess that Mr. Morrow's name alone prevents us from having a complete sinking of heart as we regard the commission which now stands as follows: Ambassadors Gibson, Morrow, and Dawes; Secretaries Stimson and Adams; Senators David A. Reed and Joseph T. Robinson. Even Admiral Jones has, to our regret, had his feelings assuaged and will go along as an adviser. For the rest, Mr. Gibson's futility as a negotiator is on record at Geneva, Senators Robinson and Reed are of the imperialistic and militaristic type of mind, and Secretary Adams is reliably reported to be opposed to the abolition of battleships unless the navy is "compensated" by additional cruisers, submarines, destroyers, etc. Secretary Stimson has spoken out well so far and both he and General Dawes have a special personal stake in bringing home a substantial success for their chief. Mr. Morrow's wisdom and sincerity, and the absence in him of professional office-holding narrowness, are the best assets of all.

IT WAS THE PROPHET ISAIAH who saw a vision of Judah and Jerusalem nearly three thousand years ago, in which the Lord was to judge among nations and the people to beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. It is the modern prophet Judah Magnes, chancellor of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, who sees and preaches a new vision of Jew and Arab co-operating to build in Palestine "an interreligious and an interracial home." And it is a bitter and tragic thing that when he stood up in his university to preach that message, so eloquently in accord with the ancient splendor of Jewish tradition, little bitter-minded Jews should have hissed him, a Hebrew newspaper should have called upon his students to strike until he resigned, and the officials of the American Jewish Congress, led by Dr. Stephen S. Wise, should have hastened to denounce him. They seem to want the Jews to follow the alternative method of Joshua. But unfortunately, today, merely to shout with a great shout does not cause walls to come tumbling down.

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WHAT WAS IT that Dr. Magnes said which roused such a turmoil? He said that "if Jew and Arab are to live together in Palestine it must be as an act of faith—of faith that they are brother peoples, and that they can rise above their weaknesses and their passions, however difficult this may now seem." Instead of insisting, as the little people do, that the Jews must preserve a flinty solidarity against the Arabs after these months of bloodshed, he talks peace, as he gloriously dared to talk it here in America in the midst of the World War. "The more generous and open-hearted Jew and Arab are to one another right now during these times of hatred and distress," he said, "the longer they will remember each other in gratitude and friendship." Jewish aspirations, he insisted, would be meaningless if they rested upon the steel of British bayonets, and the Balfour declaration had in some ways been a handicap to real Zionist progress. Dreams of a political Jewish state could not endure. Because Palestine is the holy land of three religions, Dr. Magnes asserted, it would continue to need international government, but he would prefer that the government be more directly responsible to the League of Nations than under the present British mandatory system. The immediate protests in Jerusalem were natural enough products of the inevitable war psychology of people who have lived in fear of their lives for months. But the haste with which the leaders of the American Jewish Congress rushed into print, apparently before they had even read the text of Dr. Magnes's statement, and denounced his attitude as breaking "the virtually unbroken front of the Jewish people," was a sad recurrence of war-time psychology. It is good to note that the important journal, the *American Hebrew,* supports his attitude.

THE QUEST throughout the world for raw materials continues. Coal, iron, rubber, coffee still arouse bitter controversies. But markets for investments and for manufactured articles are becoming a far more important bone of contention. Germany is afraid that, after the recent stock-market collapse, American manufacturers may begin "dumping" in an effort to find markets and employment for idle capital. Lord Melchett, England's most brilliant industrialist, supports Lord Beaverbrook's scheme for free trade within the Empire and protection against the rest of the world—meaning the United States. Europe talks of economic union and Briand proposes his "United States of Europe" because the new Colossus of the West threatens to swamp all the rest of the world with its surplus food and excess factory products. If, as a result of reduced buying at home, we accumulate a surplus of manufactured articles, they must, in the nature of things, be exported. We shall see our high-powered salesmen sent out in search of new fields abroad to conquer. They will compete with Germany whose reparations payments depend on a favorable trade balance, and with England whose life's secret is foreign commerce. They will seek additional markets in China, Australia, Russia. The result must inevitably be heightened international tension.

CONFISCATION OF ALL German private property in England, including German-owned stock in British corporations, was one of the vengeful privileges accorded by the Treaty of Versailles of which the British Government promptly availed itself. The proceeds of the property were to be used to pay certain British private claims against Germany or German subjects, and any surplus was to be turned over to the Reparations Commission for distribution among the Allies or among the German owners. The surplus, said to amount to over $100,000,000, has been claimed by the German Government, but Mr. Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, has refused absolutely to return it, with the result that the German press is pointedly inquiring of what British public morality consists. Mr. Snowden, who had to defend himself before a disturbed House of Commons on November 21, pleaded the provisions of the Dawes plan and the Young plan, decisions of the Reparations Commission and the Interpretation Tribunal set up under the Dawes plan, and "compassionate allowances" of $25,000,000 to individuals and proffered waivers of $25,000,000 more of unliquidated claims, as his excuse for holding on to the surplus. The MacDonald Government will have a heavy burden of moral responsibility to carry if it keeps this money.

THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA is having its own troubles in the legal proceedings against four union organizers, led by Alfred Hoffmann, of Wisconsin. Hoffmann and his three associates were first charged with "insurrection and rebellion" against the sovereign State of North Carolina. The Court threw out the insurrection charge at the beginning of the trial and would not permit the remaining charge, that of rebellion, to go before the jury. The defendants accordingly are to be tried for riot and resisting an officer, which is a long way from treason. But unfortunately the prosecuting attorney had wrongly worded the true bills found against the prisoners, and the Court, in the person of Judge G. V. Cowper, threatens again to throw the case out of court. Solicitor Pless has now decided to try Hoffmann, Hogan, Fowler, and Lewis in place of fifty-four union organizers and strikers indicted on charges of rioting and resisting an officer. In the face of legal tangles such as these the layman may well throw up his hands in despair. Several facts emerge from the confusion. Judge Cowper seems consistently to have maintained a clear head and a fair and impartial approach to the whole proceeding; the events out of which the trials have grown are, in plain language, that, while a crowd of strikers were attempting to dispossess a strike-breaker, Sheriff Adkins was threatened by defendant Fowler with a knife, one of the other defendants had a stick, and somebody hit a deputy over the head with a brick. Inelegant, surely; unwise, evidently; unlawful, probably; but certainly not rebellion and insurrection, and one might think, also, worth less time and money than is being spent on it.

CHINESE POLITICS are revolving at something more than their usual kaleidoscopic pace. President Chiang Kai-shek has been speeding up and down the Yangtze, organizing the resistance of the Nationalist Government against its insubordinate generals. In Honan, where the major battles have been fought, he has turned back the stubborn advance of Feng Yu-hiang's armies; in the Han Valley he has avoided the oft-threatened collapse. But no sooner is one victory won than a new civil war threatens. Far to the South Chang Fa-kwei, ousted three months ago from Hunan, is now advancing on Canton with his Kwangsi allies. If Chang Kai-shek, who has acted with superhuman and quite

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un-Chinese vigor, emerges victorious from these trials he may have proved himself indeed the long-sought strong man of China. It will remain for him to prove that he is also the organizer of Chinese democracy. Meanwhile new troubles loom in Manchuria. News reports from that vast region have been so consistently exaggerated and even downright false that one takes with several grains of salt the announcements of large-scale Soviet invasion. The Russians themselves report that they have captured 8,000 Chinese troops. Thus far, however, the Manchurian game is still played with pawns; the "invasion" may be taken seriously only when it seriously threatens Harbin.

DAY BY DAY prohibition gets buried deeper under a weight of legal logic and illegal liquor. And strangely enough the most assiduous workers at piling on the intricacies are the victim's friends. Thus dry Iowa, through its Supreme Court, rules that liquor obtained without a search warrant may be used as evidence against a defendant; Senator Brookhart smells and tells; a very dry "Dry," Representative Denison of Illinois, joins the distinguished company of another voting Dry, Representative Michaelson, when he is found to have incriminating connections with leaking trunks (what this country needs apparently is mule-proof baggage); Dr. James M. Doran, Prohibition Commissioner, in a report to the Senate, states without explanation that there were 6,000 fewer arrests in seven months of 1929 compared with the same period in 1928, but that the "quality" of enforcement shows "marked improvement"! And finally a federal judge in Illinois, invoking an act of Congress passed in 1790 making a felon of any person who knows of a felony, proves with logic which he himself regrets is incontrovertible that any person who is present while liquor is being sold or who knows of its transportation or manufacture is a felon under the Jones law unless he reports his knowledge to the government. Meanwhile consumption of liquor, at least in the cities of America, has become a commonplace.

BOOKS, MORE BOOKS, and then some is the record of the publishing season thus far, with only the usual subsidence of the flood between the pre-holiday and post-holiday periods The responsibility for the imposing output cannot be laid upon the book clubs, for they at best dispense only a volume a month each, and the new books that have no club sponsorship are legion. This year it is biography that rides the crest of the wave. Great and small among the dead have had their life histories recounted, no matter how often or how well the thing has been done before, and an insinuating number of the living have come forward either with their reminiscences or in biographies at which they presumably have connived. Not to have had one's life written or the book at least planned and contracted for may before long cause one's friends to arch their eyebrows. Psychology and philosophy come next in order among the new books in point of importance, with fiction a poor third in quality in spite of its bulk, and after that a generous but miscellaneous sprinkling of travel, economics, history, and books on business subjects. There has been the usual threshing over of old straw in the form of compilations or new editions, and an increasing volume of translations. On the whole the quality of the native product, outside of fiction, has been good but not remarkable.

Birth Control

PUBLIC discussions of birth control, even in New York City, still arouse the righteous and frighten the faint of heart. The conference recently held under the auspices of the American Birth Control League was accompanied by the usual fireworks. In the first place, Dr. Shirley Wynne, Commissioner of Health of New York, canceled his scheduled speech on Birth Control and Health which he had agreed to make. At least those who arranged the conference were so sure he had agreed that they announced it in a leaflet three weeks before the meeting opened. Dr. Wynne, however, said that he had never promised to make the speech; he said it was a controversial subject; he blamed the misunderstanding on his secretary; and finally, after a good deal of prodding from various sources, he stated with great originality that the whole affair was a tempest in a teapot. On the whole, the incident was rather amusing than anything else and was awarded a handsome amount of space in the press. In the second place, the National Broadcasting Company refused to pollute its hook-up with the speeches of the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick and the Reverend Henry V. B. Darlington who appeared on the program of one session of the conference. The vice-president of the broadcasting company explained lucidly that birth-control propaganda was "objectionable to a great number of persons because of their religious faith."

The glare of publicity that these incidents turned upon the conference must have delighted the hearts of Margaret Sanger, Hannah M. Stone, and the other happy warriors of the American Birth Control League. It was partly responsible, no doubt, for the fact that the sessions were crowded, though the conference was most interesting in its own right. There was an imposing list of speakers, including Dr. Clarence C. Little, whose championship of this subject helped force him out as president of the University of Michigan, Dr. Ira S. Wile, Arthur Wiggam, Mary Ware Dennett, and Dr. James F. Cooper, medical director of the League. Dr. Cooper's speech was particularly interesting, for he told of a new form of birth control by means of a vaccine which gives immunity for nine months or more. This method is now being investigated officially by the Soviet government. Experiments have heretofore been confined to animals, Dr. Cooper said, but now thirty women have volunteered to serve as subjects. He also described other methods now in various stages of investigation. The most sensational feature of the conference was a debate between Canon William Sheafe Chase and Dr. Joseph Mayer on the question, Does Birth Control Promote Immorality? Canon Chase, for the affirmative, advanced the argument, among others, that "normal child-bearing offered woman a period of rest and recuperation." The conference found his entire speech very amusing.

Many of those most in need of birth control—the very poor—unfortunately do not know that it is possible. Such conferences as the one under discussion, with their attendant publicity, are of great value to the cause of family limitation. They bring nearer the day, which must surely come in time, when the law against the giving of contraceptive information will be removed from our statute books, and the matter will be left to personal taste.

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Georges Clemenceau

FORTY-SIX years ago a writer in the London *World* described Georges Clemenceau as already prematurely old, his hair white at forty-two, his Mongol head "fashioned as if with a hatchet," his parchment-like skin bronzed and wrinkled. He was already a veteran of many battles. As a medical student in the sixties his Republican enthusiasms had led to a two months' sentence at forced labor, which in turn decided the young man that America might be a healthier climate for him than France. To America he came; but aside from the fact that New Yorkers failed to consult the young French doctor, forcing him to accept the role of teacher of French in a girls' seminary, he had other disillusions. Returning to France he announced that he had remarked two things: "The Americans have no general ideas and no good coffee."

He plunged at once into revolutionary conspiracy, and became mayor of Montmartre in the hurly-burly of 1870. But the excesses of the Commune disgusted him: his role in that bloody episode was, to say the least, equivocal. Yet the generation which saw the German occupation of Paris and the amputation of Alsace-Lorraine bore the scars deep in its heart. Clemenceau's mind was rutted in those days; all his life he hated Germany and the Germans. In the National Assembly in 1871 he voted steadfastly against the peace preliminaries and against the treaty which sanctioned the loss of the eastern provinces; and he spoke his mind about the moderates in those days with the same bitterness which characterized his attitude toward those who believed in peace without victory in 1917 and 1918.

When Clemenceau was elected to the National Assembly in 1876 he took his seat at the Extreme Left, the leader of the ultra-radicals. He denounced Gambetta who had been his idol; he aided in toppling ministry after ministry and even forced a president, Grévy, to resign. Richly he earned his name "the Tiger." He forced de Freycinet to name Boulanger, an almost unknown young general, as War Minister, then turned savagely on the man he had created and acted as Floquet's enthusiastic second when that gentleman stuck his sword through Boulanger's plump throat. But Clemenceau carefully avoided accepting the responsibility of office himself.

He collapsed in 1893, at 52, and seemed to be wiped out of politics. The Panama scandal spattered him with mud. Documents which seemed to show him in the secret pay of the British were proved forgeries, but his policy and his friendships, even the stock-ownership list of his paper, left him suspect. But the little man who had seemed prematurely old in 1883 had more life in him than those who wrote his obituaries believed. There was in him the burning fire of passionate convictions and the will to make that fire scorch. The mud of the Panama affair was soon forgotten in the even more violent passions of the Dreyfus affair. No one ever denied Clemenceau the quality of courage. He championed Dreyfus when to do so was to attack the honor and the army of France. It was he who, in his paper *L'Aurore,* published—perhaps even gave the title to—Zola's famous "J'Accuse." That was in 1903, a year after he had returned to political life, this time as a member of the Senate, a body for whose abolition he had previously fought. And when Dreyfus was triumphantly exonerated Clemenceau stood high on the roster of the republic. He took office for a few months as Rouvier's Minister of the Interior—the only time in his life that he ever accepted a subordinate portfolio—then, in 1906, became Prime Minister of France.

There was none of the suave political maneuvering of Briand nor of Poincaré's clerk-like routine, about Clemenceau—he imposed himself or remained outside. He had that biting wit which in our day and country characterizes George Moses; if he thought his opponents wild asses he called them wild asses; he was likely to do more, to prove his point. His cold, rasping voice was curiously impressive, and he had the economical talent of the great actor. Gambetta, Briand, Viviani, Jaurès were masters of the organ voice and of the sweeping gesture: Clemenceau stood, a little bent, his hands in his pockets, with a contempt for his audience which impressed it despite itself, and coldly rasped out his challenges. He never hid his own inconsistencies; there was no concealment in his defense of his use of the troops in the miners' strike. He had changed his mind; and his frankness disconcerted even Jaurès.

When in 1909 he resigned as Premier he had made an enemy of every important politician in France. Again his political life seemed ended. Despite his passion for preparedness he was not invited to join the great coalition cabinets of the early years of the war. He had no talent for cooperation; he and his enemies knew it. It was not until November, 1917, almost the darkest hour of the war, that he was called to the premiership. As Premier he dominated. The tired old cynic, with no belief in God or man, had yet an infectious faith in France and in himself. Interpellated upon his politics he replied in snapping sentences which, scorning all constitutional procedure, yet inspired a nation:

> What are my aims? Victory! Home policies? I wage war. Foreign policies? I wage war. Russia betrays us? I continue to wage war. We will fight in front of Paris; we will fight behind Paris; we will fight, if necessary, at the Pyrenees. I will continue to the very last quarter of an hour, because the last quarter of an hour will be ours.

There were men in France who thought differently, who believed in a negotiated peace. Bolo Pasha he shot; Caillaux he threw into prison on suspicion and kept him there without a trial; Malvy he exiled to Spain, because as Minister of the Interior he had sought to make friends with radical labor leaders. Captain Sadoul, who had seen virtues in the Bolsheviks, he condemned *in absentia* to death. But he had fire and courage, which France and the world respected; and the old man of 77, stalking through the trenches in his battered cape, became the idol of France.

The Peace Conference was a dreary affair for Clemenceau. He had no faith in leagues of nations, in the Americans, the British, or the Germans. Man, he believed, was warlike, and there were too many Germans. He despised the Protestant morality of Wilson and the political tight-

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rope-walking of Lloyd George. He succeeded in emasculating Wilson's dream of a league of peoples, in sapping the sudden faith and hope of Europe, in writing a Carthaginian peace which seemed to him to include the essential military guaranties on the eastern frontier.

Meanwhile, however, France was increasingly weary and disillusioned. With the aid of his political henchmen, Tardieu and Mandel, he bullied France into giving the "bloc national" one more electoral victory, but even that bloc had come to feel that it could get along without the domineering old man. He expected Parliament to give him the final reward of election to the Presidency; but France traditionally suspects strong men in the Elysée. It was a bitter pill to Clemenceau when Paul Deschanel received more votes for the chief magistracy than he.

Clemenceau on the verge of eighty sailed for India, visited America, and retired to his study. He was no longer feared; and without the fuel of fear, hatreds die. He was the grand old man of France, recognized as a power and a personality throughout the world. He did indeed tower head and shoulders above most of his compromising contemporaries; but respect for personality need not overshadow analysis of policy. Clemenceau played a large part in bringing parliamentarism and democracy into disrepute in Europe; he was, as war-time dictator, the precursor in policy of Lenin and Mussolini. The gray-gloved figure in the square-cut frock coat and buckled shoes, who presided like a mask over the sessions of the Paris Peace Conference, was one of the most sinister influences of our day. Much of what he wrote into the peace treaty is already gone; more must go before Europe can revive. He was a ghastly prophet of revenge, his heart seared and his mind set in the days of '71; it was natural enough, but cruel for Europe, that he should have striven so faithfully to build up, on the other side of the Rhine, resentments as keen and as disruptive as his own.

Business to the Rescue

PRESIDENT HOOVER has summoned the nation's business leaders into conference in order that industrial disaster may not follow the stock-market crash. Washington's measures for meeting the situation fall under two heads. One group is psychological; the other deals with large business planning. The tax cut so suddenly announced by Secretary Mellon, after months of stiff-necked insistence that there could be no reduction, evidently belongs in the first class. It is designed to cheer up business; for notwithstanding the supporting figures given out, the change in the Treasury's tax plans at this time cannot be defended on fiscal grounds. The President's business conferences also are important for their psychological effect on business, and the accompanying newspaper publicity indicates that everybody concerned is trying to make that effect just as great as possible. Mr. Hoover's conference plans, however, go far beyond a simple effort at the immediate restoration of confidence. They represent a definite theory of action to which the President long ago committed himself. It is a theory of business stabilization by business men themselves.

Before examining that theory, it may be well to call attention to the extraordinary change that has taken place during the past quarter century in the public attitude toward business men. When President Roosevelt in difficulties in the year 1904 wanted to consult a group of New York financiers and business leaders, these captains of industry were secretly smuggled down to Washington during the night in a private car and were sneaked into the White House by a side entrance at seven o'clock in the morning, so that no one might see them. All this lest the valiant champion of popular rights in the White House be overthrown by an outraged public opinion that would not let the ark of the covenant of government be touched by the profane hands of New York financiers. What a contrast today! Herbert Hoover, business President, holds his widely advertised conferences with business executives in the Cabinet room itself, and the whole country applauds his "constructive" activities.

That faith is shared by President Hoover, and in a situation like the present one he believes it possible by intelligent leadership to induce the business men of the country in conference to go forward with plans for construction and provision of new facilities in such a way as to offset, at least in a degree, the recession in consumption that inevitably succeeds widespread losses like those of the past month. Putting the contrast crudely, for the time being we shall turn out fewer automobiles and radios and airplanes, but shall make it up by creating more factories and roads and railways and public works and capital equipment generally. The economics of the thing is highly disputable, but it is the theory on which Mr. Hoover and his associates are proceeding, as far as they can be said to have a reasoned theory. Note, for example, the large publicity given to orders for railway equipment in the days immediately following the President's conference with the railway executives, and the announcement of the proposed expenditure of a billion dollars by the roads in 1930. In sober fact we have seen no indication that they propose to spend a cent that they were not planning before the crash to spend. The very best that is likely to happen, in the absence of distinctly lower rates for money, is that they will not retrench expenditures below the limits planned at that time. It is easy to talk about spending more freely, but if revenues shrink and if the roads must sell securities at lower prices, it will take a deal of Presidential leadership to bring about increased spending on equipment.

The same thing is true of other lines of business. Mr. Hoover's general business conference did a notable thing in authorizing the announcement that the individual employers represented would not initiate any movement for wage reduction, in order that consuming power might be maintained, and Henry Ford, with his usual irresponsibility, captured the front page with the announcement of a wage increase, but all this does not of itself create the orders that must keep business going and so prevent unemployment. Of course there is some possibility of speeding public works, as the President has urged the States to do, but there are very definite limits to that process also.

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We do not mean to minimize the possibilities of business stabilization by the action of business men themselves. In the years since the war many progressive concerns like the Dennison Manufacturing Company, Procter and Gamble, and the International Shoe Company, to mention only a few, have shown that remarkable results can be accomplished by a well-financed concern not too eager for quick profits, if it really takes seriously its responsibility for regular operation. But that is an entirely different thing from approaching an industry like steel manufacture which has never accepted any responsibility except that to its stockholders, and inducing it by some magic of conference or business council or what not to maintain its ordinary expenditure and increase its outlay for new construction just at the time when its traditional and hitherto successful practice has been to bank its fires, cut wages, and turn off its men. The immediate policy that Mr. Hoover is urging is one that requires great financial strength, uncommon foresight, and unusual willingness to wait for gains.

We have scarcely begun to suggest the first of the difficulties facing the President in the task of business leadership that he has undertaken. The attempt to plan and direct the economy of a communist state like Russia, where the sole aim may be abundant production wisely distributed, is an undertaking of appalling difficulty. The task of directing and coordinating the economic activity of a capitalist state like the United States, where the social end of production is constantly interfered with by certain activities of private industry seeking immediate profit, is immensely more difficult. If President Hoover's business council is to accomplish results of any importance, it must seek a larger aim than profits. Will it seriously undertake the greater task?

The Problem of the Road

STAGGERING figures have been submitted to President Hoover by the representatives of organizations interested in highway construction as their program for 1930. No less than $1,000,000,000, it is stated, will be expended by the several States for new roads and the bettering of existing ones, while the same amount is cited as the probable expenditure for country roads and city streets. Undoubtedly this will help to meet any unemployment problems if a serious one should arise during the coming year. It has, moreover, the advantage of being in considerable part an expenditure for permanent improvements urgently needed for the movement of goods and crops, quite aside from the question of pleasure traffic, as is evident by the demand of the agricultural leaders who on November 25 met President Hoover and asked for more federal aid for farm roads. While it is true that no pavements are indestructible, the establishment of a broad roadway with the necessary bridges, culverts, and protected shoulders is in the nature of a permanent investment.

It is in the latter respect that the construction authorities have most frequently failed in the past, not unnaturally nor inexcusably, of course, for no one could have foreseen the amazing development of road traffic. But the motor age is full upon us and no temporary depression can stop the increasing use of the highways. There is no excuse today for building roads that are inadequate in width or in surface material, and none for laying out roads that will inevitably have to be relocated or straightened. When one sees the number of changes in existing routes actually being made today in New York and New England to lay out roads which should have been laid as a matter of course originally, the parallel with early American railway construction inevitably suggests itself.

There is no good reason today for constructing any cement through-route with only two lanes for traffic. The slightest breakdown on such a highway causes immediate and dangerous congestion, while the efforts to pass slow-moving traffic are among the most prolific causes of disaster —it was Mr. Hoover's commission on automobile accidents which reported that more accidents were caused by slow-moving traffic than by speeders. That the time has come for a restudy of the whole problem from a national point of view is apparent from the joint resolution now before Congress, sponsored by Senator Phipps of Colorado and Congressman Robinson of Kentucky, providing for an inquiry into the feasibility of federal government aid in the construction of a network of express motor highways for fast travel between the great centers of population. It is proposed that there shall be such a route from Boston to New York to Florida, another across the continent, and still another which would run via Philadelphia and Kansas City to the Southwest. Other lines to the South are also urgently needed. We agree with Senator Phipps and Congressman Tilson that research work and proper planning now would probably save hundreds of millions of dollars. Such an inquiry should result in an all-embracing plan which could be the objective both of the States and of the federal government for decades to come. Our railway building was altogether too haphazard; let us avoid some of its mistakes in the planning of express highways. As to how such roads are to be paid for there is, of course, no unanimity of opinion as yet. There is, however, a growing inclination to consider the amortization of the costs by tolls. It is true that before the last of the toll-roads was abolished there was considerable feeling against them, notably in Kentucky. But the motorist, especially the long-distance driver, is aware of the tremendous wear and tear which comes from high-speed vehicles, and has so far been ready to pay the toll charges on bridges and tunnels. The extraordinary success of the vehicular tunnel under the Hudson is proof of what can be accomplished by tolls; its cost is being returned to the States of New York and New Jersey so rapidly that it will be entirely paid for by 1937.

Senator Phipps's proposal coincides with the announcement by the Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Lamont, of a uniform traffic committee to carry on the work of Mr. Hoover's committee on motor accidents, to which we have already referred. It is the fourth committee appointed in this field of automobile traffic since June. Despite all efforts, accidents are on the increase. Standardization of highways, of rules of the road, of lights, traffic signs, markers, etc., is therefore of the utmost importance, and so is the routing of through traffic around instead of through towns. All in authority should redouble their efforts for a reorganization of traffic which will as far as possible separate express traffic from local or casual, and at the same time make the motor highway a safer place on which to travel.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

I AM never skeptical of the facts furnished by the ingenious Mr. Ripley. When he flings forth his syndicated challenge, "Believe It or Not," I am among those who choose to accept and offer no resistance even to the most bizarre findings. If Mr. Ripley says that a girl in Burma with two heads appeared once on rival debating teams I merely murmur, "How very odd!" and never think of sending a self-addressed envelope with a demand for proof. Indeed, it is my contention that Mr. Ripley offers too little rather than too much. This particular client would be receptive to far more.

At the moment I am entranced by Joe Fluttner of Los Angeles. He sits in the center of the daily pictorial display and his right to belong among the curious and strange heroes and heroines is explained in the following line: "Joe Fluttner of Los Angeles can balance a dozen eggs on end (fresh eggs) in fifteen minutes!"

Only that and nothing more. I am not satisfied. Not, you understand, that any doubt arises in my mind about the fact that Joe Fluttner has done this very thing and can do it again. Of course, a few points need clearing up. Does fifteen minutes constitute Fluttner's best time, and if so will the record be accepted by the A. A. U.? From what direction did the wind blow and what was its velocity on the day the feat was first accomplished? Or if fifteen minutes merely constitutes the average time consumed by the Californian in balancing a dozen eggs, what can he do if pressed? It seems to me that Mr. Ripley should present his heroes to us only in their most inspired moments.

But chiefly I am curious about the personality of Joe Fluttner. He is pictured as a slight man five or six feet high and somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-odd. His hair seems to be long, black, and slightly wavy. The mustache is just average, but the fingers are long and tapering as befits one of artistic ability. Yet even so we have not solved the riddle of Joe, the egg balancer. Is he single, happy, married, and of a religious turn of mind? What is his other occupation, if any? Moreover, I am very anxious to know just how the whole thing began. Egg balancing could be a gift or the result of an infinite capacity for taking pains. The story of how the first egg came to be balanced would interest me even more than does the triumphant dozen.

In fact it is rather more exciting to balance one egg than twelve. After you have seen a man do two, or at most three, I rather think the average spectator is apt to get the idea. I would not go from here to Los Angeles to see anybody balance a hundred. The thing could in time grow tiresome.

Possibly Joe Fluttner's eminence may be explained on the ground of lack of competition. Millions of egg balancers are, perhaps, born to live and die unknown and go down to nameless graves. Upon many tombstones it might be written: "Here lies one who could have gone far in egg balancing but for the fact that he never tried." Life is like that, particularly under our modern competitive industrial system.

We Americans are all rush and bustle. It comes as a strain for most of us to give even that amount of time necessary for boiling eggs let alone balancing them. If I may digress for a brief second, let it be here recorded that no egg cooked for less than four minutes is worth eating. And five is better. Yet it is almost impossible to obtain a four-minute egg. Chefs there are who can build an omelette light as swan's down. They can curry lobster and make even the potato seem an aperitif. But they cannot boil an egg four minutes. Cannot or will not—let us not be drawn away from the theme into quibbles. Four minutes seems a brief span unless you stand beside a gas stove watching boiling water. Then it is all eternity. Surely a nation which grudges this tiny fragment out of infinite time (which may be only an illusion at that) is not likely to go in for egg balancing on any considerable scale.

But if a somewhat cynical tone pervades these reflections it is no more than the inevitable envy felt by one who has tried and failed. Before hearing of Mr. Fluttner I had never balanced an egg in my life. Nor have I now, but it is not for want of trying. Mr. Ripley's brief parenthetical remark "fresh eggs" leaves me with some slight hope for the future. It must mean that the fresher the egg the poorer its sense of equilibrium. That would seem logical. Flaming youth is ever rebellious at accepting the pose into which the hand of authority would direct it. Moreover, when more difficult eggs are to be found I am sure that Mr. Fluttner will balance them.

Still, if bad ones are more tractable then it would seem logical for me to begin at the bottom and then work up rather than make an attempt to launch myself at the very beginning as a full-fledged egg balancer. But how to get eggs of the poorer grade—that is indeed a question. For an entire afternoon I've scanned the signs outside the grocers of the neighborhood and each flaunts forth the fact that he sells nothing but the best. Again it may be remarked that life is like that. If I didn't happen to want a bad egg I should probably have no difficulty in finding one.

Joe Fluttner presents among other things an interesting problem for the newer psychologists. It hardly seems likely that his biography will be neglected in a day when even Martin Van Buren is considered worth a writer's time. The biographer will find, I believe, that young Joseph suffered severely as a child from a sense of unrequited affection. There was I imagine an elder brother and it seemed to the littlest Fluttner that this boy received more than his due share of parental attention. It was Buck Fluttner who got the violin lessons.

In contact with companions of his own age Joseph suffered from a sense of maladjustment. He could not run like Fred nor throw a baseball half so far as Harry. I'll warrant that he shied away from kissing games. The presence of the opposite sex merely embarrassed him. One Eastertide he received one dozen colored eggs and a chocolate rabbit. Fortunately it was the rabbit he devoured. In the privacy of his own room he played with the eggs and managed to ballance one, then two, then three. And now Joe Fluttner can look the whole world in the eye. He has liberated his psyche. Yes, and if you must have it, he has maximated his ego.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Russia from a Car Window

V. The Soviets and the Human Being*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. The Soviets and the Peasant

THE Soviets and their individual subjects—here is perhaps the greatest paradox of all. For with the complete denial of political liberty, of the right to dissent and to oppose, yes, even to hold conflicting economic opinions in plain view, one still has while in Russia the feeling that it is a land of greater individual freedom than most others. This is in large part due to a recognition of the tremendous advance in the position of the Russian worker over his situation in the Czarist period, and also to the smashing of certain outworn taboos, to the frank recognition of some human conditions as to which other states and societies shut their eyes. If the day ever does come when genuine political liberty prevails in Russia it will without doubt be the freest of all countries, especially as it has been spared the curse of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy.

When we entered Poland on our way to Berlin we were met at the frontier by a Pole, the correspondent of an American newspaper, who said that he had been officially designated to greet us and to take us to Warsaw. He spent a large part of the next four hours inveighing to those members of our party who would listen to him against the horrors and the wickedness of bolshevism. The peasants, he insisted, were far worse off today than under the rule of the Czar. That was too much for some of us, so we took him in hand. Did the peasant have all the land under the Czar? No. Did he have it now? Yes, undoubtedly. Did the peasant have any schools under the Czar? No, not to speak of. Did he have schools today? Yes, it must be admitted that the Soviets were trying to place a school in every one of Russia's several hundred thousand villages and hamlets. Did the peasant have any voice in his government under the Czar? No, he did not. Had not the Soviets granted him the right to vote and to govern himself in local affairs? Yes, subject to communist direction. Still, it was a very substantial advance toward self-government? Oh, yes. We then submitted it as our judgment that any government which gave its peasants land, education, and self-government, all at one moment, to say nothing of other benefits, was certainly entitled to the gratitude of its people. Our Polish friend could only mutter again that the lot of the peasant was worse today than under the Czar!

It is not. Despite all I have written of the hardships and forced alterations in the life of the peasant, his is a far better situation than ever before. He may have over him some harsh and overbearing Soviet officials, and possibly occasionally a corrupt one, but none to compare with the brutal, arrogant, and crooked officials of the Czarist regime, from whom nothing could be obtained without a bribe. The driving out of the landlords was the first step toward individual freedom; the disestablishment of the lazy, ignorant, and autocratic priests the second. And in this respect let no man weep if there are today many villages without orthodox churches. If they are without such churches it is because they care so little for their religion that they will not support them. It is far better, in my judgment, that the churches should all be closed than that they should be continued as the handmaidens of ignorance, as teachers of degradation, of superstition, of fetish- and image-worship.

II. Communism and the Churches

No self-respecting state, and no decent one, could do else than strike from the peasants the shackles the orthodox Russian church placed upon their spirits and their entire mental development, at the behest of the Czarist system. Some ethical training will, it is to be hoped, be given in the schools, but if there is none whatsoever the peasant will still be far better off morally than under the religious control of the past. True, he will not be allowed under the Soviets to beat his wife and children as freely, maltreat his animals as cruelly, steal as regularly, get drunk as frequently as in the old days, but for this in the years to come the Russian peasant will yet devoutly thank the atheistic Soviets. No honest man can deny that in Russia the religion of the state church was the opiate of the people—one of the opiates that prevented rebellion at least a hundred years ago. In setting their face against a state church—and a crooked one—the Soviets struck a tremendous blow for individual freedom and set a splendid example to Italy, Poland, Spain, and other priest-ridden countries.

This is not, however, to be taken as condoning the present persecution of minor sects by the Soviets. To muster out a corrupt medieval state church and free men's minds from religious bigotry and the dread of a man-conjured hell is one thing. But to strike at all forms of worship and not even to do it openly and honestly, that is surely unworthy of any group of rulers who claim to be enlightened. There is no doubt whatever that in the past year, as part of the general swing-back toward extreme communism, those who are affiliated with sects such as the Unitarian, Methodist, Baptist, and Christian Scientist are feeling the despotic hand of the government. In Moscow I was offered from a trustworthy source a list of one hundred persons affiliated with churches who have been exiled to Siberia or otherwise punished, within a year, on one trumped-up charge after another, often the all-embracing one of counter-revolution; for the Soviets are careful enough not to exile men purely because of their religious activities. They are caught tripping in some other matter and away they go to Siberia. They may not even know that they have been tried until they are called to the telephone and told that they have a week to prepare for three years of enforced residence in some Siberian town. Moreover, under a decree published last May, such evangelical churches as still remain open find themselves under

* This is the fifth of a series of six articles. The sixth and last will appear in our next issue.—Editor The Nation.

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such restrictions as to make it impossible for them to accomplish much of anything. By contrast with the freedom which the government grants the citizen in other matters of personal life, its interference with religious activities is deserving of vigorous censure.

But to return to the peasant. He no longer kneels to kiss the hand of landlord or official; he has become articulate and can complain as freely as he likes, even about the Soviets and their leaders. He has been given social equality. He can aspire to any seat in a theater when he goes to town, where he can now negotiate on equal terms with merchants and traders, before whom he no longer cowers. It is a great gift to a people to give them self-respect and the right to walk erect before any man. And the mujik needs it all, for he has far to go, and his wife even farther. Anyone who reads Maurice Hindus's "Broken Earth" will find therein a picture of the lot of the peasant's wife which differs but little from that which could be drawn of the squaw of a Sioux in bygone days. But whatever the fate of the Soviets, they have set in motion forces within the village life which can never be wholly checked.

III. The Health of the Worker

As for the workingman, a proletarian state should be able to present a remarkable list of achievements for him, and it does. Here are some of the benefits conferred upon the men and women who carry on the Soviets' industries: free drugs, free doctors, free dentists, free hospitals, free accident insurance, free health insurance, free old-age pensions, and two weeks' vacation each year. In addition there are provided clubhouses, reading rooms, educational courses, theaters, athletic grounds for the worker and his children, and the best homes that are being built in Russia. If he is still illiterate, there are teachers in plenty to teach him so that he may have access to books and daily newspapers. The wonderful old floors of the picture galleries and the former palaces of the Czar are being worn out by the great troops of men and women workers personally conducted through them. If the worker is taken ill every consideration is given to him—he may even be sent to the beautiful Caucasus for recovery in one of the countless sanitariums maintained for the workers. In every city through which he passes in the Caucasus, perhaps in every city of western Russia, he will find the former homes of the rich and the aristocratic turned into hospitals and refuges for the sick poor. At Stalingrad we entered the grounds of the old iron works. We were asked if we cared to see the mansion of the former head of the plant, which had been owned by French capitalists. We assented and entered, only to find the place a sanitarium for consumptives, with each bed filled. It was not an ideal place for tubercular invalids; but somehow it typified the revolution in social emphasis which the Soviets have brought about. Formerly nobody cared about a tubercular worker; now the finest house available is his home until he dies or recovers.

Coming to the workingmen's clubs, we saw one costing $750,000 at Kanavino, next to Nizhni Novgorod, with a superb theater in it. Some of our party demurred. Was it not too big and too costly for so small a city, someone asked the head of the Nizhni Novgorod Soviet the next morning? "Well," was his reply, "if what the manager says about the attendance at the club is true we shall have to build four more like it during the next five years." The clubhouse was well kept, well run, and well attended by people of all ages; some of the children were extremely well dressed, all were neat and clean. Never have I seen so many checker- and chess-tables under one roof. There were two large auditoriums beside the theater, one fitted for movies. On the ground floor was an excellent cafeteria where cheese sandwiches cost eleven copecks (5½ cents) and a "hot dog" twenty-five (12½ cents); apples cost ten copecks; cakes twelve; and coffee five.

Across the street was a maternity hospital; after visiting, quite unannounced, some workers' apartments, we burst, also unannounced at eleven at night, into the hospital, which was finished last spring, and inspected it from top to bottom. Eighty beds are provided, the whole being paid for by the city and out of the social insurance funds. Not one of the patients, not one of the dozens of healthy little babies being wheeled on trucks to their mothers for their night meal, becomes liable for a cent. It is the mother's right and the child's right to have the best care without cost. Nine doctors, one in charge of the laboratory, twenty-five nurses earning $25 to $30 a month, and fourteen general employees carry on the work. Those who were on duty gazed wide-eyed at the sudden intrusion of these strange, inquisitive Americans. We asked if this was built for the use of working people. "Most assuredly," was the head physician's answer. "Are others taken, too?" "Anyone who applies." "But what if the hospital were full save for one bed and the wife of a worker, the spouse of a bourgeois, and the life-partner of an aristocrat should apply for that bed?" The chief physician looked at us in amazement. "We should take the first that came. This is a humanitarian enterprise and we know no social or class differences here."

IV. Public Amusements

Much has been written about the various "parks of culture." These are efforts to give the people education and amusement combined. The great one in Moscow is a sort of refined and vastly improved Luna Park. Here are movies, theaters, and concert halls, with municipal bands, picture galleries, rifle-shooting ranges, opportunities for military drill, a model kindergarten with highly trained workers, manual training for older children, tennis courts, ball grounds, gymnastic apparatus—all together. One seated group was making music with balalaikas, guitars, violins, harmonicas. The sign said that these seats were reserved for that purpose and that visitors were welcome. The leader assured me, in English, that if I would come regularly he would help me to acquire a balalaika even to financial help! Our young American boys and girls found themselves in no time playing ball with teams of young Russians, tossing the ball over a net in a game of skill the name of which they never learned. Everywhere there was quiet, peace, content; no loud voices, no wrangling, no public hugging as at Coney Island; no toughs, no rowdies, no papers scattered around. Everything was, like Moscow itself, as orderly as could be, and nowhere in this park of culture did a single policeman or even a uniformed employee cross my sight. These "parks of culture," like the races in which the government pitted its own horses against one another and permitted betting, are a significant part of the Soviet program. The Russian leaders do not intend that communism shall make the lives of the proletariat

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grim and dull and void of pleasure. They wish to bring beauty and happiness, coupled with more knowledge, into the workers' lives, and they have much still to do to change the grim somberness of the adults of Moscow.

It is the government that keeps up the wonderful ballet, the superb opera, the fine theaters; that insists that the workers shall be brought into contact with the masterpieces of art. If the people are soberly clad, that is not because the government wishes it; it is compelled to suffer this for the present, it asserts, for the sake of larger things. It is the government which urges the people to travel, to go to the country for holidays, as hundreds of thousands do from Leningrad and Moscow—perhaps to bootleg some food—and come back laden with flowers and as happily tired as similar crowds returning to Berlin or New York. It is the government which sends out those vacation boats which go up and down the Volga on two weeks' cruises crowded with happy people in scant bathing suits, as eagerly in search of actinic rays as the bathers on our own American beaches. No; whether the Soviet leaders do so to keep the masses content, or whether they do it because it is part of their program of enriching the lives of their workers, they are putting into life all the privileges and all the color they can. They provide short working hours; they have broken up the week so that Sunday disappears and there can be no one regular rest day or churchgoing day, but they plainly desire to fill the rest days with amusements which shall educate when they do not restore physically. Even the lunch hour at the factories is filled with music or lectures or communistic exhortations.

V. The Communist Challenge

"But," I hear it said, "there is not one thing in all this which the workers could not get under a capitalist government. We have factories which give their workers the best of care, give them amusements, good pay, and retiring pensions. There is nothing in the Soviet treatment of its workers which is distinctively communistic or a part of communism, nothing that could not be provided by American employers and municipalities working together." Precisely. This was the belief that came to me in Russia whenever I inspected what was being done for the welfare of the individual worker. We *could* have finer parks of culture than they; we *could* supply fine theaters and decent amusements and ideal labor conditions if we would. But, the communist points out, we *don't*. Our American legislatures do not free the worker from the dread of sickness; do not give him the dentists he needs and can never afford. They are only just beginning to provide old-age pensions; they have not tackled the question of unemployment; they are not concerned because millions of our workers are born, live, and die in our mill towns or cities without once having a glimpse of country life. Germany? Yes, there things are different. There, too, there are no Gastonias or Marions and no strike murders. There the social benefits I have enumerated above are in large measure bestowed upon the German working people—against the resistance of the employing class. Any capitalist state could, if it wished, give all the benefits listed above to the workers if it could bring itself to the belief that the workers, and not those who are already rich and privileged, are the chief concern of an enlightened state. The Russian communist insists that this will not come to pass elsewhere until the rich and privileged are subordinated or wiped out, until each state declares that the meek and lowly, namely the workers, shall inherit the earth and shall not be limited to such of the good things of life as they can procure with their scanty wages. Here is the most serious communist challenge to capitalist society. It will have to be answered some day; perhaps before so very long, if the Soviets should make a great success of their "immortal gamble."

VI. What of the Bourgeoisie?

And the Russian bourgeoisie and the aristocrats meanwhile—what of them? They cower in garrets, live as best they can, starve if need be. They, too, can visit the parks of culture, the theaters and other amusements, if they have the money. But they are intellectually destitute, cut off from social intercourse, and never free from the espionage of the G. P. U., the dreaded Soviet secret police. Anyone is free to accuse or denounce them. They do not dare to be seen together in numbers lest they be charged with counter-revolution. The members of the diplomatic corps and the foreign colony in Moscow fear to associate much with the remnants of what are now the submerged classes lest the Soviet police trail the friends they visit. It is a cause of suspicion if a bourgeois sees much of foreigners; when diplomatic relations with England were broken off dozens of persons, some say hundreds, who had had contacts with the British Embassy were arrested and a number shot by the Soviets, whose leaders seemed for the moment fear-struck. Even today the government cares not a whit about the sufferings of the former aristocrats and bourgeoisie. Unless they are suspected of plotting, they may live in complete obscurity and die off as rapidly as possible. Of course, if there are professionally trained men and women of one kind or another among them, they are welcome and get higher pay than can a communist; we saw many non-communist engineers at work on the great industrial projects we visited. None the less my statement is correct; the Soviets would welcome the emigration of the bourgeoisie en masse, or their extinction—though they will not let them leave individually—whereas they are chagrined by the wholesale emigration of 7,000 persons from the German Volga Republic, of the entire Swedish colony, and of many of the Greek settlers, and are turning several thousand Germans back, destitute and suffering. They know that these emigrants will speak ill of them wherever they may go. So freedom in Russia plainly is not for the bourgeois nor the aristocrat; they are prisoners on sufferance; their children who have fled to foreign states may not come to them, nor may they cross the borders to see their offspring once more before they die.

VII. Women in Soviet Russia

Freedom, by contrast, has come to all Russian women—freedom and equality. No longer is a peasant's wife no better than his ox or his ass. No longer is the worker's wife at a disadvantage before the law and in industry; no longer is she tied down for life through economic necessity to a brutal, dissolute husband. No longer is she denied entrance to the professions or the right to rise politically. She may live her own life, and if she desires no children the facts as to birth control are at her service, while abortion is no longer illegal. Divorce is free and marriage easy—some of us witnessed both processes in Moscow. It must not be overlooked, too, that the complete equality of Russian women

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extends to industry. At the head of a great oil refinery in the Baku district is a woman. At Dnieprostroy we were introduced to a woman engineer who had been called away from a dinner party a couple of evenings previously to superintend the replacing of an engine upon its track. She is a charming and brilliant woman. The wife of Professor Alexandroff, the first planner of this water-power project, is credited with having accomplished well some very difficult tasks as assistant to her husband in the working out of the entire project. There are many good women foremen. One was sent to Kharkov to sink a shaft several men had failed to put through. She succeeded. There is no sex bar anywhere and no sex prejudice among the workers. This Soviet society has determined to profit by all the creative talent and executive ability available. It has learned from the history of capitalist states not to deprive itself, as civilization did for centuries, of the mental talents of one-half of the human race.

VIII. Marriage and Sex

Let no one believe that woman has been degraded by any act of the Soviets; quite the contrary. The poisonous Pole whom I quoted above declared there was no wholesale shifting of marriage partners and free sexual life until the Soviets came in. Nonsense! So far as extra-marital relations are concerned, Russia is no different from what it has been. The present government does not care who lives with whom out of wedlock, and neither did the Czarist government. By contrast with the latter the present rulers of Russia are really Puritans. While they believe that it is nobody's business what relationships men and women have to one another, they are strenuously opposed to promiscuity and anything approaching prostitution. They have cleaned up the cities not a little—Nizhni Novgorod, for instance, which during its famous fair was a center of prostitution and gambling. All the Russian cities I saw were cleaner and more decent to the eye than French and Italian or Spanish towns.

In the Soviets' refusal to regulate private morals by law there is wisdom, justice, and common sense; for such matters belong in the domain of public opinion. I much prefer the Russian frankness and laissez-faire policy to our own American hypocrisy which turns back men and women at Ellis Island because they have lived together unmarried before coming here, just as if there were not next door to Ellis Island, on Manhattan, a hundred or more thousand couples living in extra-marital relations. The Soviets, no more than the American government, would favor a white-slave traffic; the difference between the two is that the one seeks by communism to do away with the economic misery which produces white slaves and the other creates a law to deal with the case which merely victimizes the innocent and enriches hundreds of blackmailers. In the matter of drink the Russian government does not forbid the use of vodka—though it did for a time—but supplies it to the country; but it strenuously urges the Russians not to drink and is doing its best to educate its people to the evils of intemperance. That sounds hypocritical, but if it continues on this line it may in time achieve genuine temperance without going through our mortifying experience with prohibition; or it may decide later on that it is strong enough to compel abstinence by fiat.

Curious it is how ready we are to jump at conclusions. "Don't talk to me about those people," said a respected member of our delegation in Russia after viewing the nude bathing on the Volga and other rivers. "A people which has sunk so low as to have deprived their women of all modesty is beyond the pale." I mildly asked him if he was aware that nude bathing had been practiced on this river and most of the other great rivers of the world for centuries. It had never occurred to him. He thought the Soviets had introduced it! Nor had he ever heard of the historic bathing together in the nude of the sexes in Japan, Sweden, Norway, and elsewhere. I asked him if he believed that there were bathing-suit factories on the shores of Galilee when Christ was alive. He was inclined to doubt it, but I am afraid that he is still telling people that Russian women are totally without modesty, and that the Soviets are responsible for it. I am sure that still others who were with us hold to the opinion that if we could really search far enough we should find clear evidence of the nationalizing of women in some portions of Russia. The fact is that these bathing customs of the Russians are so deeply rooted that no one thinks whether they are modest or immodest. I am inclined to think that Mrs. Marguerite Harrison, herself a charming and refined woman, was right when she said that the Americans who saw something wrong with this custom because they were unaccustomed to it were the ones who were immodest and prurient, and not the Russians. One of the members of our party always listened very gravely and apparently sympathetically to denunciations of nude bathing; he confided to me privately that he had for some years belonged to a group of perfectly respectable men and women at home who had adopted this custom in the protection of privately inclosed bathing pools. Plainly this is a question of good taste and aesthetics, as well as of custom. But here again true freedom dictates that a country is best served which does not try to regulate these matters of changing *mores* by statute, but leaves them to public opinion.

Within the limits of public order the individual should be left absolutely free. It is in this direction that I feel that the Soviets desire to move. I heard, for instance, nothing while I was in Russia of a censorship of literature. I know that there is a censorship of political matters, and there is certainly a strict censorship of the press, and of what the foreign correspondents in Moscow wish to send out. One of them, for instance, was not allowed to telegraph that there was official evidence that the ruble is slipping in value. On the other hand, the censor has freely passed the reports of the shocking increase in executions, even allowing Mr. Duranty to say in one dispatch that on one day the "bag of revolutionists and kulaks [rich peasants] was fifty"—by bag he meant executions. Here, too, one must hope that if the Soviets last and become more firmly established they will do away more and more with the restrictions which now hedge around the freedom of the individual Russian. Important as they are, and often harassing and cruel, as, for instance, the refusal to permit the free movement of individuals beyond the frontier, I still believe that when one is in Russia one does feel personal freedom in the air and this despite the nationalization of all private property and despite the state's assumption that it is to say how much property a citizen shall have and what he shall not acquire. It is an anachronism and a paradox, I admit. But, as I cannot say too often, Russia is a conglomeration of contradictions, paradoxes, and anachronisms.

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Wall Street and the World

By CHARLES HODGES

WHAT is the relation of the stock-market crash to international finance? Did transatlantic speculators, "raiding" Wall Street at the psychological moment, precipitate that crash? And what will be the effects of the collapse on European finance and industry? Before the World War, no one would have thought of asking such questions. The United States at that time was a debtor nation. European investors during the nineteenth century, financing our railroad and industrial development, really owned a large part of our equipment. Wall Street was a domestic institution, its financial activities bearing primarily upon American business and banking.

A pioneer nation in the New World, our nineteenth-century growth is nevertheless attributable in no small part to the capital we borrowed from Europe. Though the United States as a government has not borrowed abroad since the Civil War, States, municipalities, and private corporations secured large sums right up to the World War. America owed abroad three billions of dollars in 1899; probably six by 1910; and seven on the eve of 1914. The principal creditors were: England, four billions; Germany, two and one-quarter; France, one; Holland, two-thirds of a billion. Between 1914 and 1918 the international position of the United States was revolutionized. Apart from our expansion in world trade, the war years witnessed tremendous financial changes. The Old World holders of American securities had to sell out; the United States forged to the front as the world's banker.

At the close of the war two Wall Streets, so to speak, were in existence. The older Wall Street represented the financial center of America, the ups and downs of the market reflecting the hopes and fears of traders in predominantly American economic prospects. The newer Wall Street, however, means the banks that are developing our international business leadership. It represents the New World interests of the United States, the banker for governments during the conflict and the underwriter of business rehabilitation in the decade of reconstruction since 1919. As a world banker, Wall Street has come to rival even Lombard Street. Both sides of Wall Street, of course, are inextricably interwoven. Neither the domestic nor the international outlook can be disregarded.

The transformation of the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation has involved us commercially and financially in every quarter of the globe. During the World War and immediately after it, we cut our indebtedness to private investors approximately in half. The debts were liquidated by the huge export of goods to the Old World belligerents. Apart from the eleven billions of war debts of a governmental character, we loaned heavily abroad to private interests.

Thus business and finance alike have become concerned in the international situation. American business is doing about a sixth of the world's international trade, now pressing close upon Britain, which has enjoyed a commercial preponderance for a century. Before the World War, "finished" manufactures averaged less than a third of our total exports; today they amount to a half. American finance has provided the greater share of capital available for reconstruction. Aside from governmental lending, Wall Street has built up a private investment abroad which totals between twelve and fourteen billions. Our gross interests abroad stand possibly above twenty-five billions.

A world which borrowed over two billions a year from the United States in 1928 is bound to be concerned with American business and financial conditions. There are two principal reasons for this interest. In the first place, through our control over the bulk of the world's gold, the United States has come to occupy a financial position which directly affects European monetary problems. Secondly, Old World business, from a narrower point of view, has come to depend on Wall Street for capital. Before the war, only 13 per cent of the two and one-half billions of American capital loaned abroad was invested in Europe; now about one-third of the American overseas investment lies across the Atlantic. Furthermore, one-half the foreign flotations annually now go to the Old World. Significantly, three-fourths of these issues are utilized to provide the capital that is essential to European business; only one-fourth is loaned to governments.

The gold standard, owing to the financial ravages of the war, has been on trial. The stabilization of post-war Europe has hinged upon a redistribution of the world's gold supply. The United States has accumulated larger gold reserves than it needed for sound financial conditions. The European nations, struggling with the double threat to stability from depreciated currencies and inadequate gold reserves, have faced the menace of further losses of the precious metal, and since the early 1920's have sought by every means to replenish their depleted hoards of gold.

The principal difficulty has been that gold flows to the market where it can get the highest return. American prosperity, therefore, has been a financial burden to nations less favorably placed. American finance, however, in two ways has helped foreign countries to meet the situation. Loans have been made, the borrowed dollars helping to avert national bankruptcy by strengthening tottering paper currencies and aiding private enterprise. Moreover, our financial authorities, through the cooperation of the Federal Reserve Board with other banking systems abroad, have attempted to work with neighboring nations who happen to be our debtors. After discussions, never made public, between officials of the Federal Reserve system in New York and Washington and a European mission which comprised the heads of the British, German, and French central banks, steps were taken in 1927 to halt the gold drainage. Our lowering of the discount rate, first on the seaboard and then in the interior, proved only momentarily successful as assistance to Britain in its effort to hold depleted key gold stocks.

The policy of cheap money in America is held in many quarters to have been responsible for our pyramiding specu-

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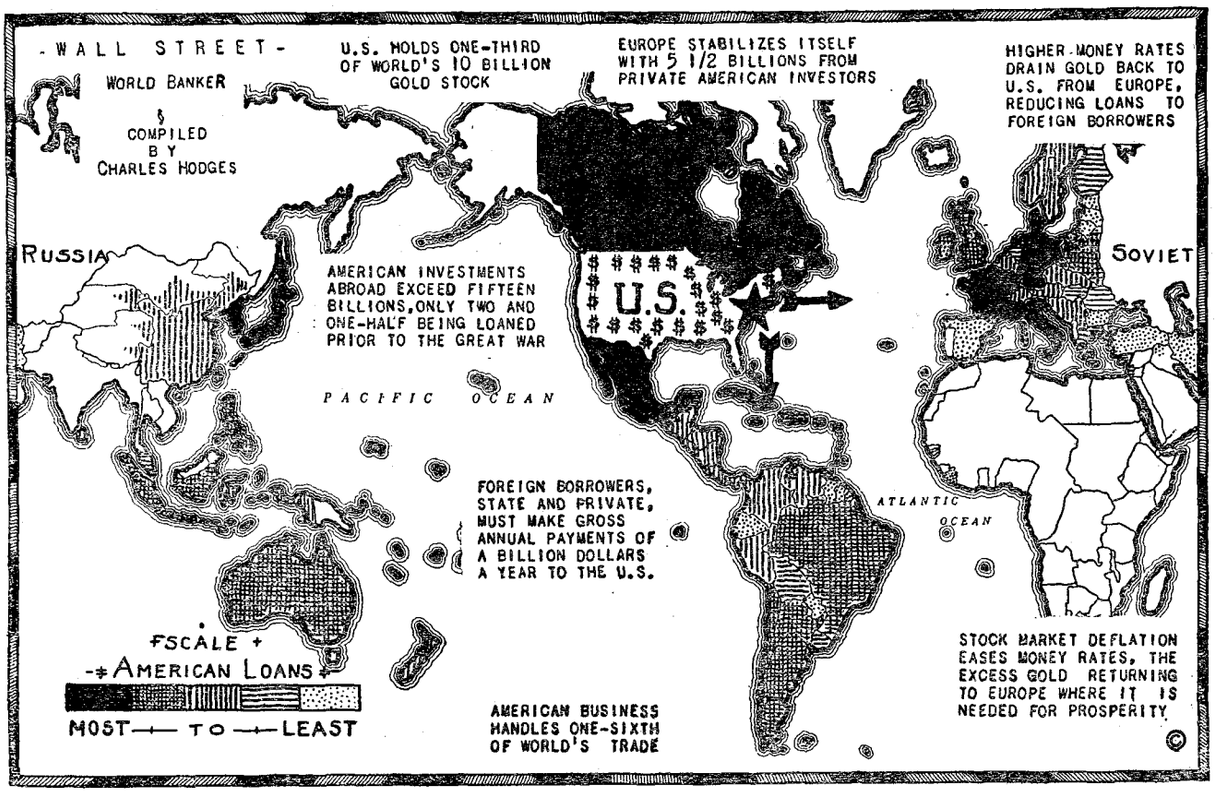
-WALL STREET-
WORLD BANKER
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
U.S. HOLDS ONE-THIRD OF WORLD'S 10 BILLION GOLD STOCK
EUROPE STABILIZES ITSELF WITH 5 1/2 BILLIONS FROM PRIVATE AMERICAN INVESTORS
HIGHER MONEY RATES DRAIN GOLD BACK TO U.S. FROM EUROPE, REDUCING LOANS TO FOREIGN BORROWERS
RUSSIA
SOVIET
AMERICAN INVESTMENTS ABROAD EXCEED FIFTEEN BILLIONS, ONLY TWO AND ONE-HALF BEING LOANED PRIOR TO THE GREAT WAR
U.S.
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
FOREIGN BORROWERS, STATE AND PRIVATE, MUST MAKE GROSS ANNUAL PAYMENTS OF A BILLION DOLLARS A YEAR TO THE U.S.
SCALE
AMERICAN LOANS
MOST TO LEAST
AMERICAN BUSINESS HANDLES ONE-SIXTH OF WORLD'S TRADE
STOCK MARKET DEFLATION EASES MONEY RATES, THE EXCESS GOLD RETURNING TO EUROPE WHERE IT IS NEEDED FOR PROSPERITY

The map shows by its shading the comparative amounts of American capital invested abroad.

lation. The subsequent advances in the Federal Reserve rate to check the bull market were without effect; foreign funds again flowed into New York. The American stock-market boom, depleting transatlantic countries of commercial funds, contributed to dearer money everywhere. Between January and September of this year, fourteen central banks abroad raised their rates—five of them twice—with far-reaching disturbance of business. Their object has been, if not to attract capital from abroad, at least to hold it at home. But business the world over has been obliged to pay more for the funds made available.

The international situation has been further affected adversely by the decline in American loans abroad. The peak of the speculative wave in the United States has been accompanied by a sharp falling off in the volume of foreign borrowing. The flotations of 1928 stand as a record, and the present year represents a sharp decline. Conservatively priced foreign issues have not been able to compete with the boom in domestic securities. Whereas foreign issues totaled well over a billion dollars from January to October in 1928, this year's figures do not reach half that amount. Domestic flotations have dominated—stocks well to the forefront—in what promises to be, nevertheless, a record-breaking total of combined foreign and domestic issues.

The "drying up" of the American money market, therefore, adds to the troubles of foreign nations. Continued recovery abroad depends in part upon continued large-scale financing at reasonable rates. Moreover, our commerce must feel any slowing down of international trade such as has been threatened by the world-wide contraction of credit. These countries are the markets which consume American exports; half our foreign trade is done with the Old World.

Wall Street, in short, has been in the eyes of the world because foreign nations are affected as never before by what happens in our stock market. Whatever selling has taken place from transatlantic investors represents sales of despair. Between spring and fall, Old World business was hard hit. Berlin started the continental depression with its slump over the reparations parley. The climax was the Hatry companies' collapse in London. The whole cycle has backed up on the New York Stock Exchange as a forced liquidation of American holdings from abroad in accumulating blocks—far from a transatlantic bear raid.

The outcome of the October crash promises to aid business at home and abroad. If deflation is effective, the orderly recovery of American economic life will be accompanied by distinct international gains. The pressure on foreign financial centers from the top-heavy American market has ceased. The possibility of an international series of market collapses abroad appears to be past. Gold exports from the United States—not imports—are in sight. The "gold points" in foreign exchanges, at which it becomes profitable to import bullion, have been reached by London, Paris, and Berlin.

The decline in money rates, if not accompanied by a new wave of speculation, will bring the United States back into more normal relations with the rest of the economic world. These trends promise to readjust American gold holdings so that an over-abundant domestic supply, which has been the chief problem of the Federal Reserve system, will be distributed overseas where it can be put to work without inflation. They also point to renewed foreign financing by Wall Street, important alike to our foreign trade and financial preeminence.

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Hoover's Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 23

THE President, deeply disappointed over the results of his initial efforts to abolish poverty by legislative methods, turns to the conference method and summons a whole battalion of "leaders" to the White House, hoping by this means at least to prevent the spread of such poverty as already exists. Whether the latter plan will succeed any better than the former is subject to conjecture but nobody can doubt that it is infinitely better suited to Mr. Hoover's temperament and talent. It is, in fact, the very sort of thing at which his gifts show to most advantage, and probably he has begun to realize it. If the special session of Congress demonstrated one thing for certain, it was that Mr. Hoover is totally devoid of skill in getting a legislative program adopted by Congress. He simply has no idea of the proper way to go about it. His leadership throughout the session was a marvel of ineptitude. When Congress met in response to his call for farm relief and limited tariff revision, his problem was simple. All that was necessary was for him to say at the outset exactly what sort of bills he wanted enacted. Instead, he pursued in each instance a course which consisted of maintaining blank silence until a situation had developed contrary to his desires, and then trying to bluster his way out of it. He handled the farm bill so badly that it was passed only after a nasty—and wholly unnecessary—fight in which the Administration lost control in the Senate; and he allowed the tariff situation to drift to a point where the Administration was practically powerless to influence the outcome, and the Republican Party in Congress was more demoralized than at any time in the past twenty years. Nearly all his difficulty has grown out of a habit to which I have previously called attention: that of refusing to do anything directly which he believes he can do indirectly. Writing in this place last June I said: "This Oriental trait has already got him into trouble, and will surely get him into more unless he abandons it." He hasn't abandoned it, and since then it has got him into plenty.

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THE Senate eventually did the sensible thing of adjourning in time to get a short rest from the tariff before the opening of the regular session. Many members were on the verge of actual physical exhaustion. Business men and Will Rogers love to talk about the Senate frittering away its time in idle talk; but the fact is that the ordeal to which a majority of the Senate subjected itself in the last ten days would have sent the average captain of industry to a sanitarium cutting paper dolls. In the closing hours before adjournment it still managed to attend effectively to a number of details. For one, it refused to be stampeded into hasty confirmation of two appointments which an unwilling President had been dragooned into making to the federal bench. Of them, more hereafter. It administered an artistic hiding to Roger Babson for his stupid attempt to saddle Congress with responsibility for the stock-market collapse—a collapse which Babson himself had predicted long before Congress was in session. It put a crushing quietus on the hypocritical blather of its own newly formed group which has been variously designated as the "Young Guard," "Hoover Blues," "Young Turks," and "Boy Scouts." This devoted little band of senatorial freshmen and sophomores set itself the impossible task of carrying out Mr. Hoover's suggestion that the tariff bill be passed in two weeks, and came forward with a proposal to confine revision to agricultural products and a few sick industries. It was ignored, and the insincerity of the proponents became painfully apparent when examination of the record disclosed that every one of them earlier in the session had voted against the Borah resolution, which would have accomplished almost exactly the same thing. The Senate, in addition, expressed itself very effectively on the presidential habit of ignoring civil-service ratings in connection with the postal service, when it overwhelmingly refused to confirm President Hoover's nominee for an obscure Montana postmastership. The custom of allowing local political bosses to select a nominee from among the candidates making the highest three marks, instead of giving it to the one with the highest, was instituted when the Ohio Gang took over the government, and has been faithfully followed by Presidents Coolidge and Hoover. Hereafter the practice will be more hazardous. Finally, and most important, the Senate declined to be swayed or intimidated from its purpose of deliberately taking up the items in the tariff bill one by one and deciding each upon its merits. On the whole, and with all its faults, it left no doubt that it remains the nation's principal safeguard against corruption, despotism, and special privilege in Washington.

* * * * *

HERETOFORE I have alluded briefly to the extraordinary circumstances which surrounded the President's appointment of Albert L. Watson as United States District Judge in Pennsylvania. They are fully matched by those which attended his selection of Richard J. Hopkins for a similar post in Kansas. Both appointments were forced down Hoover's throat by Republican State organizations after Attorney General Mitchell had examined the records of the candidates and found them unfit. I purpose here to reveal some interesting details of these transactions, not only for their bearing on the character of the nominees, but also for the illumination they shed on the courage and firmness of certain great officials. It will be recalled that one of the first stated purposes of Mr. Hoover when he took office was to establish a rigid standard of merit in filling judicial positions. Pursuant to this lofty aim, Attorney General Mitchell was directed to give close scrutiny to the qualifications of all such candidates. He did so in the case of Watson. When a recommendation was not promptly forthcoming, the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania held a meeting *in Washington,* attended by President Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Lobbyist Joseph R. Grundy. The upshot was a call at the White House by Senator David Reed, and two days later Mr. Hoover sent

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Watson's name to the Senate, where it was referred to a Judiciary subcommittee headed by Senator Borah. Published reports related how Senator Reed had "laid down on" the President, warning him that unless Watson was appointed the Pennsylvania Republican organization would not be responsible for the political consequences, and how the President thereupon hastily took the papers out of Mitchell's hands and made the appointment without a recommendation. Borah wrote to Mitchell asking if this was true. Mitchell replied by telephone, telling Borah that he was unwilling to put the facts in a letter, but would impart them to the Senator in a private interview. Borah declined to accept them in that manner, and the Attorney General was invited to appear before the full Judiciary committee. He complied, and after assuring himself that the session would be secret and that his statement would not be taken down, proceeded to declare that he had recommended Watson, although profoundly dissatisfied with his qualifications, because no suitable candidate seemed available. Some members of the committee appeared to be equally dissatisfied with Mitchell's explanation, but Senator Borah was not one of them. He responded with a favorable report!

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THE case of Hopkins was similar. The record showed that while Attorney General of Kansas he had accepted money from the Anti-Saloon League for delivering prohibition lectures. Subsequently, as a member of the Kansas Supreme Court, he wrote an opinion which declared in effect that the Attorney General of the State had power to grant immunity for a crime in advance of its perpetration if, in his opinion, such action would aid in the enforcement of the prohibition laws. It is admitted that the Kansas constitution, which he has sworn to uphold, forbids him to accept any other appointment during the term for which he was elected to the State Supreme Court and that his term has not expired. When this record was submitted to Attorney General Mitchell he exhibited every symptom of profound shock. He told inquirers that Hopkins was "totally unfit." He said there had been mitigating circumstances in connection with Watson, but that Hopkins's candidacy constituted "a test case" of whether fitness or political influence was to govern judicial appointments. There can be no doubt that he communicated these sentiments to his superior, because the President implored Senators Capper and Allen of Kansas to produce a more acceptable nominee. He was willing for the Republican organization in that State to choose the man, but hoped, in the name of mercy and common decency, that it would choose one whose record was less offensive. The machine stood pat, and presently Hopkins's name was on its way from the White House to the Senate. And once more the gallant Attorney General made known that he had given a belated but favorable recommendation! This was too much for Borah, who has declared that he will oppose Hopkins's confirmation. I suspect Mr. Hoover would not grieve too deeply if both his nominees were rejected. I credit him with an honest desire to clean up the federal bench.

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ASIDE from the conclusion of the tariff battle, the second session promises an event of uncommon interest, in the investigation which will be conducted by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce into the affairs of corporations engaged in interstate and foreign communication by wire and wireless and in the interstate transmission of power. In other words, what is in prospect is a sweeping investigation of the methods and rates of the Radio Corporation, the telephone, telegraph, and cable companies, and the big electric-power groups. It will be recalled that the Power Trust, after spending half a million dollars and retaining ex-Senators and ex-Cabinet officers right and left to defeat the Walsh resolution for an investigation of its methods and rates, slept soundly at its post last spring while Senator Couzens secured the adoption of a resolution containing all the powers that the Walsh resolution contained and five times as many more in addition. The Radio Corporation already has shown signs of apprehension. The Couzens committee should have a merry time likewise with the power magnates. There is big game in those woods!

* * * * *

AS the recent session of Congress passes into history it will be remembered, among other things, for the number of new blocs that appeared on the Republican side of the Senate. Some lasted but a day or two; I have mentioned the short and sad life of the "Boy Scouts." Others showed evidence of greater durability. It is manifestly impossible to classify all Senators rigidly by blocs, for the reason that so many of them belong to more than one. An agile joiner like Arthur Capper, for example, is capable of belonging to half a dozen at once. I have endeavored, however, to make a list of some of the more interesting blocs, and a suggestion of their diverse natures. It is plainly incomplete, but here it is:

Sons of the Wild Jackass Bloc—Includes such men as Norris, La Follette, Borah, and Nye, who suffer from the naive delusion that the rest of the country is entitled to the same measure of governmental care and solicitude as the fat manufacturers represented by Messrs. Grundy and Eyanson.

Polecat Bloc—Self-constituted and self-designated by Brookhart, in connection with his custom of being explicit about the alcoholic content of the refreshments served at dinners which he attends as a guest.

Bewildered Bloc—Sometimes ribaldly identified in the press gallery as the "Whereinhell are we at bloc." Contains an approximate dozen of fledgling Senators of the general caliber of Hebert, Walcott, Patterson, Goldsborough, and Hatfield. They don't know where they're going, and it is extremely difficult for them to ascertain whether they are on their way.

Oh Dear! Oh Dear! Bloc—Consisting of Simeon D. Fess of Ohio. Fluttering anxiously from one distressing situation to another, this bloc probably allows its thoughts to stray often to those dear placid days at Antioch College, where piety and scholarship were one, and a Good Man was indistinguishable from a Great One.

Uncut Ivory Bloc—Phipps of Colorado, Kean of New Jersey, and little Freddy Hale of Maine—all solid men in the most substantial meaning of the word.

Charles Dickens Bloc—Sam Shortridge of California. Think of an owl with sideburns, spending the days in melancholy meditation on the decay of parliamentary government, and—what is worse—occasionally bursting into discourse on the subject in what it conceives to be the best manner of Burke, Pitt, and Fox combined.

What's Left Bloc—Long known as the Old Guard. Now consisting of Moses, Reed, and Bingham.

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"Miracles" at Malden

By GARDNER JACKSON

Boston, November 23

SEVERAL weeks ago the Boston newspapers printed reports of miraculous cures said to have occurred at Malden at the grave of Father Patrick J. Power, an obscure Catholic priest, dead sixty years. Since then throngs of pilgrims have beaten down the earth of Holy Cross Cemetery, surging day and night about the grave. The spectacle is repellent beyond words and at the same time stirs feelings of intense pity. The commercialism involved is shocking: the slab over the grave covered with money dropped by the kneelers; the two waste-baskets filled with money and emptied two or three times a day; the mountainous pile of scarcely burned vigil candles in the rear of the cemetery chapel which are removed to make room for other candles by three shifts of boys working day and night just as soon as the people praying by them (and making a contribution of anything from 10 cents up for each candle) have left the chapel (a flat violation of the religious theory of the vigil light); the hordes and hordes of crippled children yowling at the treatment forced upon them; the tragically ignorant and faithful mothers with typically Mongolian idiot children whom they place upon the muddy, foul slab (to cure idiocy); the newspapermen rushing from one crowd collected around a reported cure to another crowd, taking names, and rushing off to the telephone across the street; the sergeant and patrolman at the grave trying to keep the kneelers moving, yanking them up from kissing the stone and (in the case of the sergeant) treating them just like a football crowd, even to telling one woman "to get the hell out of here! you've been in here nineteen times already!"; the grabbing by everyone of a handful of dirt from the grave and stuffing it in handkerchiefs and pocket-books to be taken home and cherished; the bottles filled with water from a faucet just inside the cemetery gate and taken to the grave where a little is poured on the stone and the bottle corked and then rubbed around in the muddy mixture to become consecrated water; the soaking of handkerchiefs in the muddy mixture on the slab and the laving of faces, necks, legs, and arms with these handkerchiefs; the hot-dog stands and food tents on the adjacent streets; the hawking of celluloid buttons, just like campaign buttons, bearing the likeness of Father Power; the making way every now and then for the movie men to get good shots and spread the word of cures around the country; the screams of hysterical women, the tears, the faintings, the fine dust into which the turf has been pulverized around the grave. It is a scene that violates the most elementary principles of mental and physical health.

Since the newspapers published reports of cures more than a million and a quarter people in all stages of affliction, disease, and deformity have prayed at this Malden grave of the priest who died at the age of twenty-five and who is remembered (with scant detail) for a saintly and scholarly disposition, for a few works on astronomy, natural philosophy, chemistry, and mathematics (written out by him in script), and for a particular fondness for children. On the Sunday before Armistice Day a crowd of 150,000 was reported at the cemetery. For the Sunday a week later newspaper estimates ranged between 200,000 and 300,000. Mayor-elect James M. Curley and his wife, who has been seriously ill for more than a year, were among those who knelt at the cement slab this latter Sunday. Rain or shine, the crowds have numbered on week-days anywhere from 15,000 to 100,000. All night many of them pray. They fill the small frame cemetery chapel with its thousands of vigil lights throwing a glow out over the tombstones and monuments of the cemetery.

Tracing the origin of the present appalling flocking of pilgrims, one instantly realizes that it would not and could not have happened except for the newspapers. St. Joseph's Parish adjoins the cemetery and Father Patrick Walsh of that parish is intrusted with the spiritual demands of the burial ground. At a morning mass on Sunday, October 27, Father Walsh announced that cures at Father Power's grave had been reported to him. He asked members of his congregation to inform him of any they heard about. The friend of a friend of the city editor of Boston's only tabloid was there; likewise a relative of an office boy on the Boston *Globe*. The tabloid city editor and the office boy's relative heard Father Walsh's announcement and also heard an altar boy report after the service the cure of his mother's deafness. The city editor sent a man to interview the altar boy's mother. The relative of the *Globe* office boy got in touch with him and the *Globe* was immediately on the trail, too. From the altar boy's mother information was gained, not only of her own cure but of other reported cures. The tabloid reporter went to the cemetery officials and told them he had a story on Father Power's grave. Was there anything they would or could add? The officials, Edward T. O'Connell, superintendent (brother of Cardinal O'Connell), and Joseph Walsh, assistant superintendent, urged the tabloid reporter, so he says, to hold the story. They hinted at doctors' affidavits of cures and intimated that the information would be released officially at the proper time.

The tabloid city editor went ahead with the material in hand. He played it on the front page with streamer headline and pictures. The *Globe* hesitated a day or two and then printed the story. The cemetery officials were incensed with the tabloid reporter for publishing the story ahead of their intended time. They tried to keep him from the cemetery. But he won out. More cures were reported. The account gathered momentum. Other Boston newspapers had to pay heed. Thousands were standing in line to kneel at the grave—scores and hundreds of thousands. Cardinal O'Connell, who has twice visited the grave, did not commit the church until the end of the fourth week of the pilgrimage. Then he announced to the reporters the closing of the cemetery on November 25 pending an investigation by the church. And the reporters? A fraction of them are frankly skeptical and horrified by the demonstration of the daily crowds. A fraction of them are sincere believers reporting matters to support their belief. And practically all of them

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are on "a damned good news story" which makes the front page every day. They have reported over a hundred cures.

The cures they report? I have checked up as thoroughly as possible in a period of four days on three of them. The outstanding case among all those yet reported is that of Laura J. Moody, aged 18, of 15 Hamilton Street, Dorchester. Miss Moody was carried to the cemetery on Armistice Day in what she, the newspapers, and her doctors described as a plaster cast from neck to hips. She was said to be suffering from an incurable spinal deformity. She had been in the City Hospital for eleven months and had not walked for more than a year. She was doomed, so her family doctor, she, and her family said, to a bed-ridden life. She fainted on the cement slab over Father Power's remains (the marble marker resting on this cement slab on six pedestals a foot in height had been jarred from its base and somewhat damaged by the crowd of 150,000 the day before and had, therefore, been removed by the cemetery officials). She was taken outside the cemetery in an automobile, there revived, declared she could walk, and did so, back into the cemetery to the grave, where she prayed. She then arose and went to the chapel some 200 yards distant where she left her plaster cast on the altar.

I did not see this recovery of Miss Moody. A reporter, whose integrity I respect, did. "I've been hard-boiled about this thing right along," he told me. "I knew what you would think about it. But after that Moody girl I couldn't help believing." He described the episode in detail. He told me that the family doctor vouched for the cure and that the City Hospital records showed her condition to have been as reported. The newspapers (all except the *Transcript*) played Miss Moody's case under scare headlines—a miracle.

I visited Miss Moody three days later at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Hector D. MacKinnon, with whom she lives. Miss Moody was agile as a cricket and excitedly happy. She and her relatives confirmed with breath-taking enthusiasm and detail the miraculous recovery after "everything went black" for her at the grave of Father Power. A steady procession of visitors (friends and strangers) interrupted the interview. One woman arranged to have Miss Moody describe her experience before a large woman's organization. The family doctor came in—Dr. Edward J. Leonard of Dorchester, a graduate of the Georgetown University Medical School in the class of 1926. He corroborated everything I had been told. Miss Moody had had an incurably deformed spine induced by spinal arthritis. A few days before she was taken to Holy Cross Cemetery Dr. Leonard was with her till two in the morning, administering morphine to quiet her pain so that she might sleep. Pressed for an explanation of Miss Moody's transformation, Dr. Leonard said, "A miracle—that's all I can say." As Mrs. MacKinnon more than gladly joined with her niece and ward in signing a note releasing the City Hospital records to my inspection, she remarked, "Yes, we want this to be spread as wide as possible."

The hospital records showed Miss Moody was admitted to Ward U 16 of the medical service at Boston City Hospital on October 17, 1928, with a diagnosis of "septic sore throat" and complications of "infections, spinal arthritis." She had a high temperature for the first three or four days. It then subsided to practically normal and remained so throughout the eleven months. Dr. Harold W. Dana, visiting staff physician, had her in charge. Notations of "lumbar pain," "spinal motion pain," and "bad back deformity" appear soon after her admission. Dr. Dana had several doctors in consultation on the case, including Dr. Frederick J. Cotton, orthopedist. Treatment by "immobilization by sandbags" and "posture correction by fracture boards" was applied.

She was transferred to the surgical ward on March 7, 1929. Two weeks later her tonsils were removed. A plastic jacket was later applied. The notation occurs, "Patient does not cooperate well." On September 14, 1929, she was discharged to her home. Following is the discharge note: "Left lower leg has complete extension and flexion. Ham splint applied to prevent recurrence of flexion of left knee. Patient discharged with bi-valve plastic jacket and crutches and instructed to walk. To be followed by outpatient (department)." Miss Moody did not walk upon her discharge. She retired to a bed and wheel chair at her home until taken to Holy Cross Cemetery.

The house officers at the hospital who saw Miss Moody day in and day out were blunt. "Most of her trouble was hysteria. When we wanted her to walk she wouldn't try." The X-ray pictures of her spine are the crucial test. One taken soon after her admission to the hospital showed a slight cloudiness which gave basis to the suspicion of spinal arthritis. Another, taken soon thereafter, was negative, showing the spine to be normal. Others, taken at rather frequent intervals throughout her eleven months' stay, were negative. Several X-rays were taken just before her discharge from the hospital. They were all negative.

I had an interview with Dr. Dana, the visiting staff physician. His first question when I met him was: "What is your attitude toward these matters at the cemetery?" I replied that I was interested in checking up the facts of the cures. "Do you believe in miracles?" he then asked. "No," I answered, "I've never seen anything to make me believe in them." "Then you're on the atheistic side," he asserted. I demurred on the grounds that I am not sure what I am in matters of religious belief. "I believe in the supernatural," he went on, "and if you are going to print anything ridiculing the faith of those people at the cemetery I don't want to have any part in it." I assured him I had no intention of doing anything but report the facts. He then said that the recovery of Miss Moody can justly be classed as a miracle. "No," he agreed, "there was nothing organically wrong with her when she was discharged from the hospital, so far as we could determine. But she had acquired the habit of invalidism and might never have got onto her feet. Her experience at the cemetery broke that habit of invalidism." I asked him if any one of a number of other experiences, including treatment by a psychiatrist, might not have been "the precipitating factor" in breaking this habit. "Yes," he admitted.

The Boston daily newspapers which reported Miss Moody's cure with front-page display have made no effort, as I write this, to ascertain the physical facts in her case, or if they have, they certainly have not printed the facts. I submitted them to one Boston managing editor, and a reporter friend, who went with me on the check-up, tried to persuade his newspaper to print them. We both failed. The only place where these facts have been published in Boston was at the tag end of a feature article in the Boston Sunday *Herald* in which Miss Moody was photographed and

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sketched in a faint at the grave under an eight-column streamer headline. The facts from the hospital record were compressed into two brief paragraphs.

Another case that commanded attention was that of Vincent O'Neill, Jr., aged 7, of 123 Prospect Street, Somerville, who was reported as cured of congenital stone blindness. This is what his father said to me several days later: "The boy has never been stone blind. He has a no-growth cataract over one eye. That's what Dr. Stevens calls it. The other eye has perfect vision. He's been in school right along, of course. He was taken to the grave by a neighbor woman without my knowledge. It did nothing to him. I called up the newspapers and told them the facts. They refused to print them. The reporters who've been out here won't listen to me. I've received a lot of pathetic letters on account of this and lots of people have been here at the house to see Vincent. It's terrible." The Boston *Traveler* finally printed Mr. O'Neill's statement on the second page under a small head.

Harold Sheehan, aged 7, of 7 Nonquit Street, Dorchester, was reported as having laid aside the braces from his two legs deformed by infantile paralysis three years ago. His mother four days later told me: "Harold did not take his braces off. I wouldn't dare let him. I'm afraid he'd fall and hurt himself. But on the way home from the cemetery he kicked his right leg more than he ever had before since he was sick, and I hope it is improved. I plan to take him to the grave many more times. Yes, I'm sending him to the Children's Hospital right along for treatment. They've done wonderfully with his left leg. He is in the School for Crippled Children. That's where he is now."

The Boston newspapers go on reporting cures. Jack Sharkey, aspirant for the heavyweight pugilist championship, visits the grave with his daughter the day after Mayor-elect Curley came. Headlines on the front page. Mrs. Curtis Guild, widow of former Governor Guild, comes. More headlines. Photographs unending and such photographs! I've seen some of them being taken—pitifully crippled youths and children being urged to stand without braces for the camera men. I saw one boy collapse twice before he could get up enough strength under the combined urging of his relatives and the camera men to stand with his leg braces in his hands for a picture.

The Boston *American* includes a large rotogravure picture of Father Power in its Saturday edition. It sells like hotcakes. All the newspapers sell. There are newsboys at the cemetery gates crying their wares. And from the milling crowd about the grave the reporters hastily telephone in the cures day by day to the city desk. Names, addresses, and the nature of the affliction said to be relieved or cured go into print and out into circulation without any genuine effort at anything approaching scientific verification. The Boston newspapers meanwhile are trading on the sincere faith of their hundreds of thousands of readers. It is shameless commercial journalism.

Whether the church intends to gather proof of the reported cures and set up a permanent shrine—the first in the United States—is not known. In any event the church moves slowly and cautiously in such matters. It will probably be years before anything official is announced, though the first cure at the grave was reported thirty years ago (when modern newspaper methods were not in vogue).

A Museum of Modern Art

By LLOYD GOODRICH

THE youngest of New York's art museums has just made its bow to the public. The Museum of Modern Art, the creation of a group of prominent collectors and amateurs, has opened its doors in the Heckscher Building on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street. Just as the great Armory show of 1913 was the opening gun in the long, bitter struggle for modern art in this country, so the foundation of the new museum marks the final apotheosis of modernism and its acceptance by respectable society.

As its name indicates, the new institution is to be devoted primarily to the work of living artists and their immediate predecessors. Wisely enough, its organizers plan to go slowly in the beginning and restrict its activities for the first two years to loan exhibitions; after that, if all goes well, the museum will begin to form a permanent collection.

Thus, through private initiative, New York has taken a step that was taken long ago by the other great cities of the world. Paris has its Luxembourg, London its Tate Gallery, Berlin its Kronprinzen Palast, and even the smaller German cities can point to their excellent modern collections; but New York, the most modern of cities and the undisputed art center of America, has been in the strange position of possessing no single institution in which one could see a really representative collection of contemporary art.

The fact that the Metropolitan Museum does not in any sense adequately represent present-day art is too well known to need repeating. Those who defend this policy by the argument that the proper function of a museum is watchful waiting, overlook two facts: first, that most of the great museums of the world are supplemented by institutions which collect only contemporary art and thus act as feeders for them; and secondly that the Metropolitan, as far as concerns American painting, is not watchfully waiting but on the contrary is busily buying a large amount of singularly lifeless academic art. The question of the administration of the Metropolitan's Hearn fund for the purchase of American pictures, and the relation to it of the officials of the National Academy is too long and devious and probably too familiar a tale to tell here. It is enough to say that present-day American painting of a radical or even a liberal tendency has no more chance under present conditions of being purchased by the Metropolitan than the camel has of going through the eye of a needle.

New York also lacks any large annual exhibition of the type of the Carnegie International at Pittsburgh, furnishing a fair cross-section of the painting of today. And while the American shows at the Art Institute of Chicago have in the past few years included liberals as well as conservatives, and

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even the Pennsylvania Academy and the Corcoran Gallery in Washington have let down the bars a notch or two, New York's venerable National Academy has evidently decided to die but never to surrender. On the other hand the Independents and the Salons of America, those great democratic festivals in which anyone can exhibit who can raise the five or ten dollars entrance fee, while infinitely more lively than the Academy, are no more truly representative of present-day American art, since for one reason or another many of our leading artists have stopped taking part in them. Thus, even in the field of contemporary American art, New York has lacked a really representative institution.

It is the dealers' galleries which have best supplied the demand for modern art. For the person wise enough to know where and when to go, there has never been any lack of opportunity to see contemporary work in New York. But the new museum by its very nature can accomplish more than the individual gallery. The average dealer is restricted to a certain small group of artists, but the museum can take the best from every group and by showing them together exert a healthy influence toward the breaking up of cliques and the creation of new comparisons and new alignments. It can stage more ambitious and stimulating exhibitions, in larger, finer settings, than any single dealer. It can concentrate on some particular phase or school and give it the most complete possible showing, or hold retrospective exhibitions presenting the whole development of an individual or a group. With its backing and prestige it can borrow the finest works from private collections or other museums. Too often the masterpieces of modern art pass unseen by the public from the dealer to the collector. The establishment of a gallery in which they can occasionally be seen by artists and all others interested is so obviously a good idea that it seems strange that it has never been carried out before. Even if the museum were never to acquire a single work for its permanent collection—which of course will be its most important duty—the mere act of holding loan exhibitions of masterpieces from our extraordinarily rich private collections would be sufficient justification for its existence.

But besides these practical functions there are other less tangible but no less essential services that the museum can perform. Seldom has there been such a crying need in the world of art for standards to correct certain popular tendencies. The modern French school, after years of bitter controversy, has conquered this country as it has every other. While there would be little dissent from the opinion that the art of France leads the world today as it has for the past century or more, it is also incontestable that we have carried our admiration for it to absurd lengths, accepting almost without question anything which bears the *cachet* of Paris, exalting certain distinctly second-rate artists far beyond their deserts, and in the process neglecting the art of every other country and to a certain extent our own. Waving the flag is as futile and dangerous a business in art as in politics, but the time has unquestionably arrived for a more drastically critical attitude toward modern French art and a more strenuous effort to separate the wheat from the chaff.

In this the new museum can help by showing the art of other countries. For example, our public has hardly any conception of modern German painting. One or two courageous dealers, interested more in pioneering than in their pocket-books, have sporadically exhibited German work, but lacking the organized publicity that is behind the French school it created scarcely a ripple. The same thing applies to the contemporary English, Italian, Spanish, Belgian, Dutch, Russian, and Mexican schools. The museum's opportunities in this direction are almost endless.

In the field of American art it has an equally important function to perform. Our art today has plenty of vitality; its greatest lack is self-confidence. Our relative aesthetic immaturity has made the average artist too sensitive to the dictates of Paris, in spite of the manifest fact that the greatest American artists have been quite independent of French influence. If the new institution can help us to acquire a clearer consciousness of our own particular genius and more courage to speak our own artistic language without fear of breaking the rules of grammar it will indeed be performing an invaluable function. But if it shows a lack of sympathy or understanding for American art, all its presentation of foreign art will do no more than encourage our tendency toward an artistic inferiority complex.

Modernism today has reached a stage much more subtle and difficult than in the old crusading days when black was black and white was white. Most of its leaders are no longer young and their contributions to the general stock of ideas have been assimilated and in many cases already outmoded. Of recent years few new figures of any importance have emerged. The movement as such has more or less ceased to move; what seems to be taking place now, as in impressionism a generation ago, is development along individual rather than collective lines. Most of the theories so confidently enunciated at the beginning of the movement no longer seem tenable; for example, the superiority of abstract to representational art, the unimportance of the subject, the cubistic formula, the preference for primitive over more highly developed art, the value of the naive and childlike vision. All these ideas, while interesting as manifestations of the *Zeitgeist,* have proved of only temporary significance. We have reached a stage where we should be prepared to throw overboard all these dogmas inherited from the early days of modernism and see things with new eyes. Someone has calculated that a new movement in art appears every generation; perhaps our present state of mind is the premonition of another such upheaval.

In this process of feeling our way through difficult and uncharted seas the new museum can play an important part. No institution can of course create art, but it can make the process of growth less difficult. If the museum merely does the obvious, fashionable thing that has been done a hundred times before it will serve no useful purpose. But if it is genuinely courageous and far-sighted, if it really tries to show the best that is being done in the modern world irrespective of what happens to be in fashion, it has a chance to help create new standards.

In its future exhibitions the museum plans to alternate between American and foreign art. The second event will be paintings by fifteen or twenty leading Americans, and the third a corresponding showing of contemporary French art borrowed from American collections. This will be followed by the work of three painters who may be said to be the ancestors of modern American painting—Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, and Albert P. Ryder; and after that will come a retrospective exhibition of the work of Honoré Daumier.

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In the Driftway

AT last the Drifter has reached eminence. He is unique; he is one among a million. (Probably he always has been one among a million, but it would have been hard to say which one.) The Drifter seems to be the only person in the United States who did not lose a fortune in the late unpleasantness in Wall Street. At least so he gathers from the talk that is going round. Everybody else has been hit hard and is looking forward to a chilly winter. Even the diamond trade in Antwerp has hit the rocks (or, in the circumstances, should one say the precious stones?) while European hotel-keepers who formerly lived by bleeding American tourists are expecting to do a little bleeding themselves.

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TO be sure, the Drifter (much as he hates to say it) is more than a little skeptical about all these fortunes that have been lost in the market. He thinks they bear a close resemblance to the $50,000 pearl necklaces which not-very-well-known movie actresses are continually losing through theft or dropping in taxicabs. It is the Drifter's secret belief that not one in ten of those who talk so tragically of the financial back-fire lost a nickel in it. This is not due to any unusual sanity but merely to the fact that the persons whom the Drifter has in mind did not have an available nickel with which to speculate.

* * * * *

FAR from regarding the Wall Street nose dive as a calamity, the Drifter thinks that for most persons it is going to be the greatest boon that has come their way in years. It is the most perfect financial alibi of a decade. For every person who lost anything in the scramble nine will be able to save substantial sums in the coming months through citing their alleged losses in Wall Street as a reason for not making contributions or expenditures which formerly they were not able to get out of. "I'm sorry, but I can't give anything for the blind babies' relief fund this winter; you see I was hard hit in Wall Street." "No, Mary, I don't see how I can let you have the money for a Florida trip this winter; you know what happened to the market." "Sorry, old man, that I can't make you a loan, but those pirates in the stock exchange got my roll and I'm cleaned out." So it will go. There will be a lot of people this winter saving money because of losses which they never had.

* * * * *

AN Englishman (at least one supposes him to be one) writes to a newspaper to complain that he cannot get a cup of tea on Manhattan Island.

> All unsuspecting, I ordered it in a restaurant, and they brought me a pot from which slyly peeped a ticket attached by string to assure me that it was really tea. This was the only intimation, for out came nought but faintly colored water. Then I found that the tea, what there was of it, was discreetly concealed in a cheesecloth bag, tightly tied in as if ashamed of its existence.

The Englishman's complaint that he cannot get tea in the metropolis is well founded, but he has picked the wrong reason. The tea ball, as the Englishman may not know it is called, is an excellent idea. It enables one to pull the tea out before it has given off all its tannin as it does in England, where it is put loose in the pot. The trouble is that in New York restaurants the water which is used is merely hot and sometimes only warm. It is not boiling boisterously, as it should be, when poured upon the tea, nor is the pot properly prepared by putting in hot water and then turning it out in order to raise the temperature of the receptacle. Nor do New York restaurants know enough to serve a proper amount of hot water with tea; some don't know enough to give one any.

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BROADLY speaking, the United States is not a tea-drinking country and therefore our restaurants do not know how to make the beverage. New York is no worse than the rest of the country except in so far as its cooks are more ignorant and careless generally than elsewhere. If the Englishman wants good tea in New York, he should go to a Chinese restaurant. The fact is that a man who drinks tea is looked upon with a touch of scorn in most American restaurants—unless maybe he does so in company with a woman. The Drifter remembers that after returning from several years abroad he craved his afternoon tea, and was accustomed to slip out of his office about four o'clock to get some. But he was ashamed to ask any of his he-man companions to go along. They all assumed that he was going for a cocktail and probably thought him mean not to invite them. So the Drifter used to slink out amidst a chorus of sly remarks, such as "Take one for me" or "Don't get too merry." He didn't dare reveal that he was bent on a mere sip of tea.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A New Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot see for the life of me why you are disappointed with the results of the New York election. The fact that Norman Thomas polled a vote of 175,000 proves, if anything, that there are hundreds of thousands in our city who are ready and willing to support a real liberal. Norman Thomas has proved himself during the last campaign to be the most eligible leader of a liberal party. Socialism does not appeal to the average American citizen and even the liberal-minded do not readily vote for a Socialist, but should the Socialists be far-sighted enough to discard their name, and organize instead a liberal party, there is no doubt that we would have a good chance of electing a great many officers at the next election, and possibly a mayor a few years hence.

New York, November 15 CHARLES DEUTSCH

Parity and Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Frederick R. Barkley is to be congratulated for his clear and timely article—Parity Up or Down? From Mr. Barkley's article one can measure the true significance of Mr. MacDonald's recent visit to Mr. Hoover. The Labor Premier's visit, heralded by all the American press, reactionary and liberal joining in one chorus, as marking a new era in international

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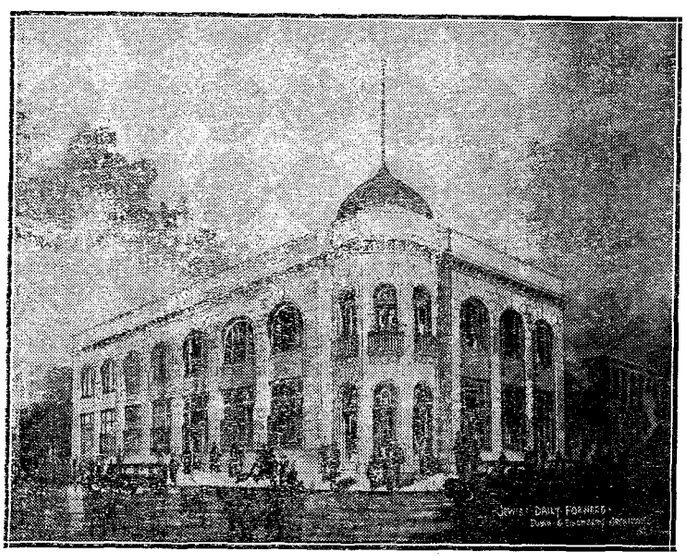

JEWISH DAILY FORWARD

America's Dominant Jewish Daily

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politics was nothing less than a bargaining over a couple of cruisers. The whole world was to believe that universal peace had thus been assured! Instead of demanding absolute disarmament, as a representative of the Labor class ought to do (of course one could not expect him to do such a *silly* thing as M. Litvinov had done at Geneva), and instead of calling upon every country to make an end to the feverish and mad war preparations, Mr. MacDonald has negotiated an agreement with President Hoover whereby the United States will abandon "the construction of about 15,000 tons—one or two ships—out of the fifteen 10,000-tonners authorized by Congress last spring."

Belle Harbor, L. I., November 15 SAMUEL CIBULSKI

Concerning Opera Audiences

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is surely not a matter of international importance, nor will Mr. Hoover forthwith dispatch a submarine up the Danube canal if I venture to contradict what Mr. B. H. Haggin says concerning the behavior of Viennese opera audiences. During the past twenty-five years, especially since 1925, I have frequently heard performances here and never have I been disturbed by loud or even soft conversation. Nor have I seen people troop down the aisles—à la Metropolitan—while the *Vorspiel* to Tristan was being played or leave their seats while the Liebestod was being sung.

Regarding Mr. Furtwängler there can of course be two opinions, but he is looked upon as a great conductor by Julius Korngold, Ernst Decsey, Heinrich Kreidler, Robert Konta of Vienna, Alfred Einstein of Berlin, Oscar von Pander of Munich, and others whose names do not just now occur to me. And I venture to say these gentlemen also know a thing or two about music.

Mr. Haggin, whose contributions to your columns I have always read with great pleasure, when chiding our audiences for applauding bad singing evidently fails to distinguish between the applause coming from the claque or deadheads and that accorded by people who pay for their seats.

Vienna, November 4 JACQUES MAYER

Clothes and the Man

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You address a string of editorial questions to my sex. I rise to reply.

> What of men? Do they still wear wool suits in hot weather,

I do, but not with vest, and most of the time my coat is not on my back but merely accessible as a proof that I have one, or as a place where I can get something out of the pocket.

> high collars in all weathers,

No, sir, I set the fashion of constantly wearing a soft turndown collar a good while ago.

> stiff hats on their heads,

I wear no hat, winter or summer, except, at my mother's request, when I go to church.

> stiffer shoes on their feet?

Not guilty. I wear low canvas tops and rubber soles outdoors summer and winter with great and increasing satisfaction, and generally slippers, largely felt, indoors. At church (and at other ceremonial occasions when I let myself be caught at such, which is seldom) I wear leather. If when I start out in the morning there is heavy rain or deep winter slush, I cover my foot with rubber or specially treated leather, but I don't do it for light rain or for unthawing snow not deeper than the top of the low shoe, and I am seldom foolish enough to let the mere prospect of worse weather when I come home cause me to give my feet a burden that was not necessary when I started. Theoretically I wear extra protection when snow is deeper than my shoe-tops; practically I find it works well to be increasingly careless of this. Of course I wear heavy socks in winter. For winter pruning I wear the warmest things I can get on my feet, for pruning is the chilliest work I know because it calls for so much standing still or slow moving. I find that keeping my feet more ventilated not only serves for lightness and comfort, but has robbed wet feet of their terrors; my feet (which of course must by nature be the toughest part of the body against cold) are now solid enough so that I no longer catch cold through them.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, November 12

John Dewey

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Buchanan's article on John Dewey was pretty bad, but to put on Dewey any of the blame for the present state of thinking in the United States ("John Dewey, the man who has made over our thinking") is terrible. I hope he brings a libel suit against *The Nation.*

Detroit, November 1 ETHAN E. EDLOFF

An Even More Excellent Cock

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was much impressed by the article on Mr. MacDonald in *The Nation* of October 9, but as an Englishman (I am now a visitor to this country) I disagree on one or two points. First, to an English observer in England it did not seem as if Mr. Snowden at The Hague was seeking deliberately to estrange us from European countries, as is implied in your article. The general view at home was that Mr. Snowden was showing Europe for the first time that England was no longer to be considered as the universal cushion for the ills brought upon Europe by the World War. My other objections are perhaps mere prejudice. But even if America is "the cock of the world's walk, politically and industrially," I do feel that the cock would be an even more excellent cock if it realized a little more sympathetically the claims and rights of the British—shall we say—hen? Finally, I do feel assured that Britain is not "industrially decadent." The vast move toward "rationalization," headed perhaps most strikingly by Lord Melchett, is surely indicative of a new "industrial revolution" even more united and coherent than that of the eighteenth century.

St. Louis, October 12 S. K. N.

A Substitute for Tariffs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have an admirable knack for analysis of economic evils but hardly ever give a satisfying solution. In the issue of November 20, in the editorial The Protection Swindle, you conclude with the following: "We are utterly opposed to

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the whole tariff swindle, and we devoutly wish that it could be carried to the people as a single issue in a political campaign." Suppose it is made an issue, let me ask what answer can be made to the critics who may admit that protection does not protect but who ask what source of taxation will be resorted to to take the place of the millions of revenue now secured from custom duties? If you followed the lead of Frank Garrison you would declare for taking the unearned increment of land, a procedure which is morally defensible and which would make it easier for capital and labor to utilize the only source of wealth, the earth, on easier terms. If not, why not?

Chicago, November 16 MORRIS LYCHENHEIM

Drama

Desperate Impropriety

AS "A Primer for Lovers" is wobbling toward its close upon the stage of the Longacre Theater it becomes necessary for a young man to tell an older one what he thinks of him: "Your conduct," he says, "is ungallant—and lousy."

Now it so happens that in this particular instance the unexpected union of two words from two different vocabularies is dramatically appropriate. The young man is reaching after the dignity necessary to one who has assumed the role of censor, and he remembers that "ungallant" is suggestive of the days when people were supposed to behave with decorum. He himself, however, belongs to that younger generation which speaks a different language, and so, after a short flight into the realm of convention, he returns to his natural manner. "Ungallant" gives tone to the reproach; "lousy" expresses his real feelings.

Unfortunately, however, such a confusion of styles is as distressing in an author as it may be amusing in a character, and the playwright responsible for the dubious entertainment at present under consideration seems as uncertain as the young man concerning the manner he ought to adopt. He has no doubt about his desire to be improper and he is well primed with a collection of witticisms which are not so much risky as fatal; but whether to aspire toward pure comedy on the Congrevian model or to rest content with farce of an exceedingly primitive kind—that is the question which he seems never to have been able to answer. Granted the good old tale of the man who embraced the wrong woman in the dark and then decided, as a result of the experience, that she was the right one after all, our author desperately needed to know in what mood to recount it, but the final curtain finds him as uncertain as the opening scene. He is still wobbling painfully between "ungallant" and "lousy."

The setting is a country house on the occasion of a week-end party, and the dramatis personae are the conventional figures of polite comedy. They are, moreover, compelled from time to time to interrupt their antics for the purpose of delivering set speeches in the manner of Congreve or Wilde, but no sooner have they discharged these literary obligations than they begin to act very much after the fashion of the traveling salesman and the farmer's wife in the cycle of smoking-room sagas. Much may be said for the artificial idiom of pure comedy; something, perhaps, for the realistic language of the dirty story; but there is nothing whatever to be achieved by mixing the two, and if the audience at "A Primer for Lovers" laughs now and then, the laughter is only very rarely a compliment to the entertainment. Occasionally it may be a tribute to a flash of wit but more often it is provoked by the ludicrously desperate attempts at impropriety; and more often still it is in frank derision of the actors (some of them competent enough) who

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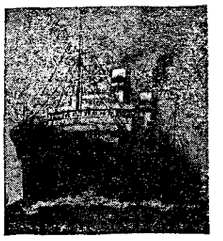

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are compelled to flounder unhappily through roles which could not under any circumstances be consistently played.

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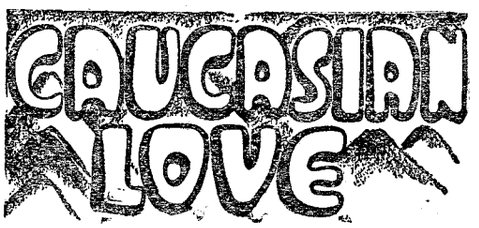

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Broken Dishes—Ritz—W. 48th St.
Criminal Code—National—W. 41st St.
Cross Roads—Morosco—W. 45th St.
Irish Theatre—The Silver Tassie—7th Ave. & W. 4th St.
It's a Wise Child—Belasco—44th St.
Journey's End—Henry Miller—W. 43rd St.
June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
Marionette Theatre—Garrick, W. 35th St.—Sat. mornings.
Robin Hood—Jolson's, 59th St. & 7th Ave.
Rope's End—Masque—W. 45th St.
Street Scene—The Playhouse—W. 48th St.
Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
The Little Show—Music Box—W. 45th St.
The Game of Love and Death—Guild Theatre—W. 52nd St.
Yiddish Art Theatre—Jew Suss—Broadway & 28th St.

First Nights

Sherlock Holmes—New Amsterdam—W. 42nd St. Op. Nov. 25th.
How's Your Health—Vanderbilt—148 W. 48th St. Op. Nov. 26th.
The Silver Swan—Martin Beck—W. 45th St. Op. Nov. 27th.

Films

Caucasian Love—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.
Disraeli—Warner Bros.—Broadway and 52nd St.
News Reel Theatre—Embassy—Broadway and 46th St.
The Box of Pandora—55th St. Playhouse.—154 W. 55th St.
The New Babylon—Cameo Theatre—42nd St. and Broadway.

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The Reparations Referendum

By A. H. FELLER

Berlin, November 2

THE German Nationalist Party has just concluded an excellent example of hara-kiri. No other name can be applied to its inexplicable conduct in forcing a popular referendum on the adoption of the Young Plan. Article 73 of the constitution provides:

> A popular vote shall further be resorted to on a measure initiated by the people if one-tenth of the qualified voters so petition. A fully elaborated bill must accompany such petition. The National Cabinet shall lay the bill together with a statement of its attitude before the National Assembly. The popular vote does not take place if the desired bill is enacted without amendment by the National Assembly.

Under this initiativte provision, a two weeks' period is allowed within which voters may inscribe their names in order to make up the required 10 per cent. In accordance with the constitutional procedure, the Nationalists put forward a measure repudiating war guilt and rejecting payment of any further reparations.

The necessary number of signatures to place the measure before the country has been secured, but a proposal whose least result would be the collapse of the credit of the Reich and the indefinite prolongation of the Rhineland occupation cannot, of course, hope for the assent of more than half the electorate.

Besides containing a repudiation of the war guilt clause, the measure, as it was submitted, required from every German official an oath not to execute any measure providing for payment of reparations, or to make any such payments, and threatened any official who should do so with a prison sentence, not even excepting the President of the Reich. As first drawn, the bill mentioned the President by name, but such a storm of protest arose in the Reichstag on its introduction that it was stricken out. Nevertheless, the attempt to shackle the foreign policy of the Reich by making its ministers liable to penal consequences for doing what they might conceive to be for the best interests of the nation was enough to alienate any sensible German citizen, no matter how much enraged over the war-guilt question. The attempt to cover the flaws of the bill by calling it a "freedom" law inevitably resulted in ludicrous comparisons with the prison-sentence paragraph.

That the affair had at first a most threatening aspect cannot be denied. The question of war guilt lies close to the heart of every German. The nation is passionately convinced that the verdict of Versailles is a falsehood, and there was danger that a substantial portion of it would forget the impossibility of altering the peace treaty by a unilateral act of Germany and inscribe itself for the initiative. After all, the combined parties of the Right had polled 7,000,000 votes at the last election. Perhaps they might exceed that now. Strengthening of the forces of discord and militarism, not only in Germany but across the Rhine and beyond the eastern border as well, would follow inevitably. As far as any sensible motive can be attributed to the proposers of the initiative, this must have been the result they hoped for.

While responsible citizens of all shades of opinion spoke out against the initiative, the government at the outset was inclined to treat the matter as hardly worthy of notice. But once the two weeks' registering period had started, it bent every effort to defeat the proposal. In part this change of policy was perhaps a reaction to the agitation of certain sections of the French press which saw the specter of the German *revanche* at last taking on flesh and blood. Several of the Reich ministers campaigned against the measure in almost an American fashion, including speeches which were broadcast over the radio. President Hindenburg issued a statement denying in the most vigorous terms the intimations of the Nationalist press that he was in favor of the initiative. Finally, the Prussian government forbade state officials to inscribe their names. The Nationalist Party, playing its last card, applied to the Reichsgericht, the Supreme Court of Germany, for an injunction against the latter order. With the decision of the court that the action of Prussia was legal, the Nationalists relapsed into a campaign of incitement.

As pointed out above, 10 per cent of the electorate was necessary and 10.08 per cent responded. But the figure is deceptive. Where the voters were free to express their choice, the results were pitifully meager. Pomerania and East Prussia were responsible for the size of the figure, areas where the reactionary landlords drove the peasants to the polls. In Berlin 7.6 per cent of the electorate was inscribed, in Hamburg 4 per cent, in the Catholic South not much more than 6 per cent. As was to be expected, it was in the Rhineland that the initiative fell with an appalling thud. Cologne brought forth 1.3 per cent, Trier, .3 of 1 per cent. In Mainz, the heart of the occupied territory, two votes were recorded in the first two days and the total result was .28 of 1 per cent. The nearer to the Rhineland, the fewer the inscribers. Such was the response of the Germans under foreign domination to the "freedom" law.

The immediate political result of the initiative began to make itself felt even before the voting was over. The Nationalist Party, the party which holds the second largest representation in the Reichstag, is beginning to split up. It is not too much to say that its days as a major factor in the politics of the Reich are numbered. Its more reactionary elements are being forced into the camp of the National Socialists, the party of Hitler and Ludendorff, of the Bavarian putsch and the Stahlhelm. To express it in terms of personalities, Hugenberg has been captured by Hitler. The saner elements must gravitate toward the bourgeois parties of the Center. As a parliamentary factor the National Socialists will never play an important role. The elections for the Baden Landtag, held before the initiative was complete, point toward the new alignment. In a chamber whose membership was increased from 72 to 88, the Catholic Centrists increased their representation from 28 to 34, the Social Democrats from 16 to 18, the Communists

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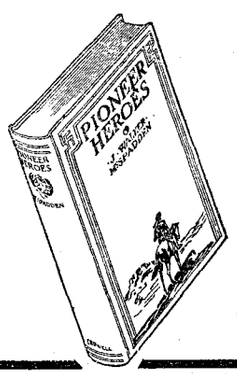

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from 3 to 5. Meanwhile the Nationalists fell from 7 to 3, while the extreme reactionary Nationalist Socialists, who had not been represented before, gained six seats. That the *Lokal-Anzeiger* could hail this as a victory for the Nationalists indicates to what a pass the party has come. The parties which called 7,000,000 voters to the polls in 1928 could barely muster 4,000,000 in 1929.

Contributors to This Issue

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Holiday Book Section

What Is Happening to Our Fiction?

By ROBERT HERRICK

THAT principle of acceleration by which Henry Adams explained so many phenomena of modern society is nowhere more in evidence than in contemporary writing, especially in the novel, which being the most fluid form of expression is nearer the popular mind than any other. Literary generations with their fashions and their discoveries and their personalities pass in kaleidoscopic rapidity, and as they usually leave behind them survivals the confusion of diverse impulses increases. Already the rugged generation of Norris and Mr. Dreiser is fading from the scene. Mr. Upton Sinclair and Mr. Sinclair Lewis are almost *vieux jeu;* while the shapes of Howells, James, and Cable loom out of the mists of a past that seems as far away as the world of Scott or Balzac. In such a whirlpool of "movements" and "influences" as the present exhibits it is difficult to make any exact diagnosis or prophecy: every generalization is immediately confronted by a contradiction. Nevertheless it is a seasonal diversion as well as a teasing temptation to chart some of the more obvious gyrations of the voluble whirlpool.

Today there are not only more people reading fiction but more writers of fiction than ever before. And there are more of what might be called casual laborers in the field than professional novelists. There are relatively few writers of an established reputation and a familiar craftsmanship, such as Mrs. Wharton, Miss Cather, Miss Glasgow, with a professional competence and pride in their art; and there are many "free lances" who try the novel form without much if any apprenticeship to the craft—journalists, critics, engineers, housewives, and what not. Having a little leisure and a typewriter they take a chance in what has become the universal medium for literary speculation. Such an attitude toward the business is totally unlike that revealed in the notes which Henry James prepared for the New York edition of his novels. The older novelist was preoccupied with questions of technique, form, presentation, all those delicate but—to the artist—vital problems of the how as distinguished from the what. He in common with his more important contemporaries seems to have taken the latter for granted, preserving a gentlemanly reticence about its origins as about private concerns, whereas to the contemporary fiction writer, as to the journalist, his "stuff" is the preeminent consideration. Which is merely saying that our elder novelists took themselves seriously as craftsmen, workers in a special and honorable form, and although they might from time to time experiment with the play or the essay or even write verse, they considered themselves, they were known to be novelists, craftsmen, and artists, and their product had the hallmark of the professional.

When the expert examines the creative efforts of the casual worker, whether he be a dramatic critic or a newspaper correspondent or a poetess—it is not necessary to be more personal!—he is likely to be impressed by the intelligence and the verbal facility exhibited, which hardly compensate for a lack of the novelist's feeling for life. Often entertaining and well-written books, they are not properly novels in the traditional sense of that term. They are peopled with dummies who talk and act with the precision of clever robots, and according to the scale of achievement range from mere chatter up through "bright conversation" to "serious discussion"; but they never simulate life, even when in ruder instances they may abound in the raw elements of "life" transferred unassimilated from experience into book, as in the daily paper. After turning the pages of a number of such so-called novels of the talk type or the raw experience type, the expert may become convinced that the novel in the solid epic form as it has hitherto existed is already a lost art. Psychology (of the psychoanalytic variety), smart conversation, "stream of consciousness" meanderings, even "chunks" of raw experience do not supply the fiber and the shape necessary for the prose epic.

This may be only another way of saying that the novel is changing, as it has changed so many times before, into some form better adapted to our accelerated life; that the old categories have been found too cramping for the versatile modern mind, and through improved methods any tyro can be taught in a few lessons how to throw his experience into something that can be sold as a novel. Something similar is happening in biography, which having borrowed the novelist's tricks of analysis, implication, innuendo, and so on, is competing successfully with the novel for the favors of a fiction-fed reading public. However much this jazzing up of sober history and biography—and of philosophy too—may disgust the scholar, as Mr. James Truslow Adams pungently reveals in a recent magazine article, the bizarre fictionized results are superseding the historical romance which flourished exceedingly not so long ago. They are all part of the process of popular education in a society that must have even its intellectual diet highly spiced and sugared. The sole objection to this facile interchange of techniques which is producing so many strange hybrids is that it destroys the true novel, which is something more than either biography or a "slice of life." Even such brilliant and important books as "Black April" and "Scarlet Sister Mary" are character and social background studies that should not be classed in the noble category of the novel. Much of Mr. Sherwood Anderson's writing illustrates the same limitations. Although it is futile to quibble over academic distinctions of form, it is impossible to accept such imaginative studies and sketches as an adequate substitute for the full-bodied fiction of a Hardy, a Balzac, a Zola, and many another master of the novel.

Associated with this transformation of the fiction form is the rapid feminization of our literature as of our social life, about which I have had occasion to write elsewhere. That process has been long under way, but lately—"since the war"—the pace has become greatly accelerated, and no one can predict where it will end or what literature and

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life will be like when the "oppressed" sex has come fully into its own. Quite naturally women are invading the fiction field in ever-increasing numbers, as one of the luxury occupations to which in their need for economic freedom they gravitate, and they are bringing with them their own peculiar interests and emphases. Moreover, writers of the other sex and publishers (and their assistants who almost invariably are women) reckon primarily with the woman world where fiction is mainly consumed. The changes thus brought about in the substance of contemporary fiction though often trivial in detail bulk large as a whole, above all in the treatment of sexual relations. Instead of less sex or a more spiritualized interpretation of sex as the Victorian might have anticipated from the advent of women writers in fiction, there is actually more sex, more biology, and fewer taboos in the modern novel than ever before. Possibly more "honesty" (although that is a relative term) and less sentimentality about the "primary urge," and a total lack of mystery!

One cannot mention sex today without considering the vagaries of the "new psychology" (behaviorism, psychoanalysis, et al.) although their influence is not to be explained exclusively by the feminization of our life and literature. For men as well as women writers have lapped up the atrocious jargon of psychological fantasy and plastered it thickly over their fiction, trying to ram life in all its variety into the narrow molds of the "complexes," so that in extreme instances a novel becomes the case record of a psychiatric clinic. Whatever one may think of the scientific importance of psychoanalysis—I leave that to the medical profession—there is no doubt that its influence in contemporary literature, in the serious as well as the more imaginative aspects, is disastrous both verbally and mentally. Until its whimsical vocabulary has been forgotten and whatever truth it may contain has been absorbed and assimilated with other truths, the writer of fiction would do well to eschew psychoanalysis altogether—leave it along with Christian Science to its professional practitioners.

As has already been pointed out, much of the fiction today is not by professional hands. In another and deeper sense it betrays the amateur spirit. Two recent war novels, one by a young German and the other by an American, illustrate the point. Both stories are told in the first person, and both profess to present the war as it really was—the "naked truth" about the war. The American hero is an ambulance driver, while the German protagonist was a common soldier—a contrast that has some significance in itself. But the points of view of the two writers are in greater contrast. The perceptions, the reactions of the American are those of an observer, of an outsider rather than of a participant, and one is not surprised that in the end he becomes a deserter. Both stories deal liberally in the filth that accompanies war, especially the latest machine war, and deal with it with ungloved hands in modern fashion, so that both books in some degree encountered the prejudices of American censorship. But the German's plain speaking is clean human dirt, so to speak, while the American's smells noisomely of the boudoir, the brothel, and the bar. Every American war book or play that I have seen has some of this amateurish taint; not one, not even "Three Soldiers," has the serious quality of the best European fiction based on the war—of "Le Feu" and "All Quiet on the Western Front." It is inevitable, for we were amateurs in the great struggle, never rightly understanding what it was all about, often generous and gallant and efficient amateurs, but never quite grown up; so that our literature drawn from that source must have the unsubstantiality and superficiality of the amateur, who does not pay with his blood for his convictions. But it is not merely our war plays and stories that are permeated with the amateur spirit. It pervades our fiction quite generally as in fact it does our national life. As a people we rarely take anything with entire seriousness (although often most hysterically)—neither our Dohenys, Daughertys, Hardings, nor our Saccos, Vanzettis, and Mooneys. Exception should be made for Mr. Upton Sinclair, who in "Boston" very nearly rises to the heights of a tragic theme, for which he failed to attain the Pulitzer prize. And with all our prurient mucking about in sex, psychoanalytically and otherwise, we are, as revealed in our novels, without great passions. Lacking passion, as distinguished from sexuality, one does not come through to a great literature in any form. This thesis has been amply demonstrated a number of times by Mr. Sinclair Lewis in his admirably just revelations of average American character.

We are told that at last America is coming of age, full of "promise," but I fail to see it, at least in its fiction. That is still largely written by the young for the consumption of the very young, of the football age. As for the "promise" I am somewhat weary of waiting for a renaissance so frequently predicted. As a matter of fact we are no longer a young people; our literature has a respectable lineage. There was a time not so remote when certain authentic craftsmen were at work here in America in this field; when Mark Twain, Howells, James, and others delivered themselves with an assurance serenely sustained over a period of years. That epoch has passed, and what has happened since is too confusing and complex to discern clearly so near at hand. What will happen when the present taste for individualistic abandon has run its course is impossible to predict. But if the novel survives, as it has survived similar chaotic and arid conditions, then we may expect that it will resume its proper character of the prose epic; that it will have mastered both vocabulary and ideas so that strange pseudo-scientific terms do not stick out of it like currants in bad cake; that neither its authors nor the characters they present will be so exclusively preoccupied with their conscious (and unconscious) insides; that something more illuminating than a purely biologic relation between the sexes will be entertained, etc. Then the novel will reassume its authority as the interpreter and the chronicle of contemporary life, and its creators may become sufficiently devoted to it to stick to their lasts like good workmen and not take flyers in fiction as in the stock market when the whim or the pecuniary exigency moves them.

Meanwhile I, and I fancy many others in this semi-literate land, get the kind of fictional satisfaction that properly the contemporary novel should give us direct from the daily newspaper, which contains more varied, more humorous (not to say grotesque), and more tragic and universal stories than any to be found in the bookstores or sponsored by the literary guilds. Dickens peopled London with his imaginative creations, as Balzac did all France. Today in the morning's newspaper appear such rich types as Shearer, Grundy, Senator Bingham, Fall, Doheny; the Lindbergh

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epos and the Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy, Gastonia, et al.—so many, so rich in imaginative implications! Here is the raw material of great novels which each reader must create for himself, because as yet we have no craftsmen sufficiently endowed to fuse, refine, and transform it into enduring art.

Alien Ethers

By DAVID MORTON

No other brightness that the leaf has known
Was ever spun of particles as frail
As this immoderate radiance that is blown
To stilled intensities before it fail;
These are strange ethers that were never meant
For long survivals here or anywhere,
A thin, precarious gold that soon is spent
In broken lights and shards of crumbling air.

This brightness is of ecstasy and death
That bathes the world a moment in the flood
Of other airs than these we breathe for breath.
Nothing is here for bone or flesh or blood,
Only a bright enchantment for the leaf
Whose passing is too spelled for any grief.

Illusion

By CORINNA REIMAN MARSH

Between these daisy-powdered slopes that rise
As drowsily as haze of noonday lifts,
Where warmth rests soft as sleep on languid eyes
And honeysuckle fragrance, dreaming, drifts
Slow as the shadow of a floating gull—
Between this east and that sea-sapphire west
Where smooth arpeggios of mountains lull
Red, passion-weary suns to quivering rest—
Here, in this valley-space between, peace dwells
Within a fragile bubble. Here no thought
Intrudes, nor urgency of call or pull;
There are no heavens of ecstasy or hells
Of pain. For one transcendent moment, caught,
Peace hovers luminous and beautiful.

Stuart Sherman

Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman. By Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge. Farrar and Rinehart. Two volumes. $10.

A BIOGRAPHY of a writer in two large volumes by a pair of his oldest friends is likely to be a literary horror. At the same time it is almost certain to be indispensable, since the friends will have had access to letters, journals, and memoranda, and to those even more important sources of light, the impressions and memories of the writer's contemporaries. Messrs. Zeitlin and Woodbridge have produced the indispensable book about Stuart Sherman; but in addition they have written a book which is readable in its own right, a book which tells a rich and moving story with fulness yet with art, with loyalty not only to the subject as a person but to the discipline of the profession which he practiced. I have heard complaints that the book is too detailed and that the authors of it have been too zealous in the defense of their subject against every petty attack made upon him. The second charge is probably just, though the error would be pardonable; the first is certainly not so. No detail was to me uninteresting, which I suppose is the test in such matters; and if any had been I should have been ready to remember that the first biography of a man is expected, even obliged, to err on the side of fulness. Who can say what will be uninteresting to our grandchildren? Most of our thoughts, no doubt; but few of our deeds if those deeds are presented in that clear light which action wears like a halo.

Stuart Sherman's life was intensely active in spite of the fact that he spent so many hours of it with nothing bigger than a pen in his hand. Indeed that was when he was active. If there is such a thing as a born writer he was one—one who seems to have known it from the beginning and who never succeeded in conquering the excitement of the discovery. He did not grow into authorship, though he grew into such things as maturity and fame. His feet were there from the first, and he marched with an ambitious, warlike, and triumphant tread until the day he died. There was a beautiful valor in the man, a flaming quality which his friends felt and his readers recognized, and which the present biography succeeds quite perfectly in expressing. I refer not merely, or at all, to the circumstance that Sherman was militant in his criticism—broke lances with Mr. Mencken and Mr. Rascoe, and charged with unmitigated ferocity against a generation of famous authors. That was only one episode, and to me now not the most significant one, in the entire adventure. I am thinking rather of the inmost temper of the man—of his pride, his ambition, his eagerness, his instinct to express himself in challenge—and of the depth and danger of his eyes. All this combined with an extraordinary tenderness of conscience and an almost appalling sense of responsibility to give his utterance richness, excitement, delicacy, and weight. All this made him a marked man. But he was marked anyway, for he was one of those men whom the gods allow to set a high value upon themselves. The present biography is valuable among other things for the picture it gives—immensely moving at times—of a boy, a man who saw himself with passionate seriousness and who, starting from that point, widened his gaze in an attempt to see all the world.

Sherman was a writer above everything else, and Messrs. Zeitlin and Woodbridge have demonstrated this in an unexpected way. They have made him an even better writer than he already seemed, and done this by the simple device of printing his letters, which are among the best, I think, ever written in America. But of those later. The biography shows first, and quite conclusively, that there were certain things he could not do, though he wanted to do them. He could not write poetry, for instance. He has been called a poet in that loose language which identifies genius in general with poetry and which bestows the word as a kind of honorable title upon any human being who happens to be complicated or interesting. But if a poet is one who writes poetry, then Sherman was none; his verses, many of which are sprinkled through these two volumes, never cut themselves free from the purely literary part of their author's memory. Neither, I suspect, could he have succeeded in any of the novels which his journal shows him to have planned. Here, for instance, are some notes for "A Novel of Philosophical Ideas":

> Take a village character—New England—Son of a minister of Civil War period. The old library. The Calvinism; the pleasureless, barren life, without art.
>
> Then have him acquire "moral perfection" as aim, and acquire immense stocks of culture through books in almost utter solitude. (Give him some traits of the prac-

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tical Thoreau) till he feels himself the equal to anyone you please. (This must be exhibited.)

The last parenthesis gives him away, as does the immature, amateur style of the whole passage, which was written not in his youth but after he had created (at forty) the legend that he was a venerable critic.

Even his criticism is made by this book—though I am sure the authors had no such intention—to recede into a perspective which diminishes its importance. For one cannot read carefully without perceiving that Sherman was too early fixed in a critical attitude, too early caught by a critical creed. The boy who had come out of California and Arizona to get his education at Williams and Harvard was highly romantic. Intoxicated by the literature he then devoured, he was on his way to saying so when at Harvard he fell under the influence of Irving Babbitt, one of the most frigid of living dogmatists, and through Professor Babbitt of Paul Elmer More, one of the best but also one of the narrowest and most repressive of American critics. There is tragedy, I think, in the circumstance that Sherman folded his wings to walk by their side. Their talk was all of control, and this was well enough; but so far as I know they had never had any romanticism to control, whereas in Sherman there were oceans of it. The result of its suppression was that moralism which still seems to me, in spite of the biographers' assurances to the contrary, too conspicuous in Sherman's criticism. Time, not authority, should have trimmed his excesses. He was at bottom very sound and sensible, but he should have discovered this slowly. As it was he put on the censor's robes at thirty, got labeled as an enemy of the younger literary generation, was galled by the label but went on wearing it, and spent much of his force during the best ten years of his life in battles over critical terms which even then were questionable as to their reality, and now are rather sadly dated. Humanism, naturalism, infra-rational and supra-rational instinct—what are they but technical terms, and what business had this radiant brain with them? Mr. More as literary editor of *The Nation* conducted his contributor into fame, and as a correspondent over several years was a constant source of encouragement as well as of too much wisdom. But the very correspondence between the two throws light upon the drama of their unnatural relationship—More always calm, Sherman always restive, and Sherman finally realizing that the distinguished Platonist of Princeton stood somehow too darkly between him and the contemporary world he so passionately wanted to see. After that his championship of the American spirit, and after that his fling as a weekly journalist in New York.

It is pretty clear, I think, that Sherman never expressed himself wholly except in his letters. And since he was a great man of some sort, with "a greatness," as one of his best friends said after his death, "not to be measured," it is his letters which I would put forward as his best claim upon the attention of posterity. They reveal him not merely as a man who loved literature more deeply than anyone else in his day—few of his critical enemies seem to have perceived how much he loved the very authors he condemned—but as a man who got infinite pleasure out of covering paper with ink, and who, being boundlessly interested both in himself and in every gifted person whom he knew, grew alive in new ways when he sat down to answer a letter. His letters are long and beautiful, and richly contain the elements that make a correspondence permanently interesting—sympathy, generosity, malice, raillery, wit, nonsense, animal spirits, scrupulous accuracy, irresponsible exaggeration, eloquence, passion, and style. From the beginning he was a superb letter-writer—that is, from the age of twelve, when he was writing to his mother from Arizona, and from the age of eighteen, when he was sending sage yet sarcastic advice to his brother and sister. Whereas I feel fatal limitations in Sherman's verses, and whereas I find only the pagan part of his criticism to be as good as it ought to be, I never detect anything wrong in his correspondence. In his letters to his mother, to his son John, to More, to W. C. Brownell, to Ellery Sedgwick, to Homer Woodbridge, to Carl and Irita Van Doren, and to others who were legion he could and did say everything there was to say. Messrs. Zeitlin and Woodbridge have done him and us one signal service. They can do another by collecting even more letters than they use here and printing them in two volumes by themselves. The result might very well be an American classic.

MARK VAN DOREN

Plato

The Son of Apollo. By Frederick J. E. Woodbridge. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

PLATO may be read for human delight, for his suggestiveness, and to ascertain his precise meaning. The third way happens to be my predominant interest. The forewarned reader is forearmed, but though I cannot promise to keep King Charles's head out of this review altogether, I will try to deal fairly with Professor Woodbridge's notable book from the other two points of view before tilting against him as a specialist in what I trust he will regard as a friendly and knightly joyous passage of arms.

Professor Woodbridge is, I presume, not responsible for his publisher's statement: "A distinguished philosopher reinterprets Plato and Platonism for the modern reader." His own more modest announcement is that he is offering the reader his personal Plato—with the Protagorean suggestion that in the flux of philological opinion one man's Plato is as good as another's. What he in fact offers is, first, a rambling but readable introduction on the life of Plato, of which the main point is that the marvelous and mythical anecdotes told of this son of Apollo, though not literally true, may symbolize more truth than a dry summary of the few facts which historical evidence could convey. There is, secondly, a desultory and skeptical chapter about Plato's writings to which I will return, and thirdly to seventhly a succession of chapters on the Perfect City, Education, Love, Death, Socrates. These chapters are in no sense a reinterpretation of Plato and Platonism, not even in the sense in which this could be said of Mill's review of Grote's "Plato," Pater's "Plato and Platonism," Faguet's "Pour qu'on lise Platon," Emerson's essay in "Representative Men," and even my own article in the Warner "Library of Literature." They are at the most illustrations of Professor Woodbridge's Plato the literary artist, by means of specimen translations and summaries with a few added comments.

The Perfect City, for example, is not a rightly proportioned study of Plato's political philosophy; it is an extremely sketchy account of the more picturesque parts of the "Republic" including a translation of the final myth, accompanied by observations that are pretty, suggestive, or epigrammatic rather than true. Professor Woodbridge thinks it necessary to spend a page in telling his readers that the title "Republic" is not used in our sense of the word. He talks about "communism and greater sexual freedom," perhaps with intended reference to Aristophanes, but without anywhere warning his readers that there is very little sexual freedom in the "Republic" and that the communism is a device to enforce disinterestedness on the rulers to whom it alone applies. It interests him more to play with Plato's imagery than to explain his meanings: "Socrates seems to have rubbed particularly hard on poets. He saw in them base imitators who gave men only an imitation bed on which to lie. Is it then that he would show them the real bed? Lying on it we dream of the perfect city and get up to make our bed more comfortable. To do this there must be more

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than dreams." The publisher has visualized this reinterpretation of the Platonic idea by a sketch of a bearded and lightly clad Greek gentleman reclining on such a bed.

For the chapter on education Professor Woodbridge translates several pages of the "'Laches," and translates or paraphrases parts of the "Protagoras" and "Meno" which he supplements by a reprint of the introduction to Bertrand Russell's "Education and the Good Life." He thinks that nothing comes of these Platonic debates but the fun of the discussion. But he himself fails to make clear to his readers how definitely it all points forward to the fundamental distinction in the "Republic" between the elementary education and discipline of the masses and the higher education of those fitted to rule. He does, I am pleased to see, rightly apprehend the moral, so greatly needed today, that "Plato would keep the young out of the realm of the debatable until they have matured a little in the realm of the undebatable." But even here he half spoils the truth by the added epigram: "then he would let them into the former, trusting the grace of God to do the rest." For in fact Plato does not rely on *theia moira* to save souls in his own state. It is needed only in democratic Athens. And how could Professor Woodbridge so far mistake Plato's real opinion as to say: "Virtue cannot be taught because it is debatable"?

The long chapter on love I must regard as a sop to Cerberus. Everybody likes this kind of titillation of instincts that need no encouragement. The "Charmides," the "Lysis," the "Symposium," and the "Phaedrus" are perennially interesting. Professor Woodbridge gives a résumé of them with bits of translation and a few reflections of his own. The chapter on Death consists mainly of Professor Woodbridge's own moralizings on another eternally interesting subject. After some forty pages of these mortuary meditations he tells us that "the substance of it at least can be found in Plato's dialogues either explicitly or by implication."

The final chapter on Socrates, who is inextricably confused with Plato himself, is mainly a confirmation of Professor Woodbridge's opinion that Plato is a bad reasoner "and that inconclusiveness, not conclusiveness, is the constant outcome of the discussion." That is undoubtedly the impression that the Platonic dialogues make on many hasty readers. It is not the opinion held of them by the majority of the great writers from Plutarch and Cicero to Mill and Emerson who have really known Plato. Even his enemy Landor admits that Plato's fallacies are mostly, as he puts it, wilful. Professor Woodbridge strangely prefers to "think with" or at any rate to appeal to the "vulgar." He can hardly expect a lifelong student of Plato to acquiesce, and so I am sure he will pardon me if I examine his chapter on the writings of Plato somewhat critically.

I do not quite know whether that chapter expresses Professor Woodbridge's considered opinions or is a more or less conscious appeal to the popular amusement at the differences of scholars and distrust of their dogmatisms. In commenting, for example, on Alline's hope that "we may restore in all its details the authentic text of Plato" he animadverts on "the hope of doing so extravagant a thing"—justifiably if he really intends to press the phrase "in all its details" to cover spelling, punctuation, and other minutiae. But the entire paragraph will mislead the reader, and I do not know whether Professor Woodbridge himself is aware that the text of Plato is in fact more certain than the text of Chaucer; that the few variant readings in the "Republic" almost never seriously affect the sense and rarely the style; and that there are astonishingly few sentences in the entire body of Plato's writings about whose meaning a competent Grecian and critic of literature need have any doubt.

Equally misleading is the uncertainty he feels or expresses about the Platonic canon. It is not easy, he says, to dismiss the doubts of Zeller and others about the "Laws." He does not tell us that Zeller withdrew the doubts expressed in a youthful work and that there are no "others" today among reputable scholars. The "Laws" are beyond question the work of Plato, and a very great work despite the lack of the youthful dramatic charm which is all that interests Professor Woodbridge. Scholars may still differ about the genuineness of the "Hippias Maior," the "Theages," the "Minos," the "Epinomis," and the "Letters," but there is not the slightest doubt about the authorship of any of the more significant dialogues.

No less superficial is Professor Woodbridge's denial of all unity to the Platonic writings. It can only mean that he has not really studied seriously the more serious dialogues that bore him, but has taken his impressions as most people do from the more readable dramatic pictures of Athenian life and conversation, in which young men quibble and chop logic as Shakespeare's young men pun. I can understand this attitude in the poet and litterateur Matthew Arnold, who can see nothing but "barren logomachies" in the world's first and greatest and still most influential analysis of ultimate epistemology, the "Theaetetus." But Dr. Woodbridge is a professor of philosophy. Is it possible that the laurels of Mr. Will Durant will not let him sleep? It is true that Plato's writings lack the unity of the systematic philosophical constructions of a Kant, a Hegel, a Schopenhauer, or a Herbert Spencer. But he held a number of serious convictions about life, philosophy, religion, ethics, government, logic, science, and pseudo-science which are hinted at even in the minor dialogues, which definitely emerge in the artistic work of his early maturity, and which change only in clearness of definition and intensity of conviction throughout his later years.

I must dismiss with a similar challenge the repeated statement that Plato, though he is credited with being a great logician and may have been that in the Academy, is a bad reasoner in the dialogues. Professor Woodbridge twice gives a page to describing and denouncing this bad reasoning in general terms, but he has given no concrete examples on which issue could be joined. There are many things that Plato could not know. But there is in fact no bad reasoning in Plato that under critical examination does not prove to be either dramatic or the conscious choice of an alternative deemed necessary to moral or intellectual salvation. Every attempt thus far in disregard of these principles to convict Plato of serious inconsistencies or faulty logic has broken down. I wish Professor Woodbridge would try his hand at the game with these rules in mind.

PAUL SHOREY

The Sexual Revolution

Marriage and Morals. By Bertrand Russell. Horace Liveright. $3.

THIS book is unique, not so much in what it says as in the way it says it. Many of the arguments advanced by Mr. Russell have been advocated by other writers in this same field, but they have never been defended in such a clear, considered, logical manner. Mr. Russell undermines an entire morality as one might divest himself of an old robe —taking out the right arm first, then the left, and finally letting the whole thing fall easily to the earth. What is more, he has preserved an amazing calm amid the most exciting theme of our generation.

Sexual ethics, except in Soviet Russia, Mr. Russell observes, have never been "determined by rational considerations." They have always been "the outcome of superstition and tradition." What we must aim to do today is to make our sexual ethics rational. We must establish happiness, or whatever its approximation may be, as our end and adjust our ethics in such a way as to attain it. It is this problem of

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adjustment that Mr. Russell is concerned with in his book, and in all his analyses he refuses to allow himself to be moved by any other considerations than those that are purely rational.

Mr. Russell's arguments as to what should be a rational attitude toward marriage and morals are not difficult to state. In the first place, marriage is an institution that should be far more concerned with the realistic relationship of parents and children than with the romantic relationship of lovers. In fact, when people do not desire children marriage has no meaning whatsoever, and Mr. Russell maintains that the most intelligent attitude toward marriage "would be to say that no marriage should be legally binding until the wife's first pregnancy." The author's decisive attack upon chastity is closely allied with his general attitude toward marriage. There is much wisdom in his contention that our stress upon prenuptial chastity, for instance, has been essentially pernicious. There is great gain, he points out, if the man as well as the woman has had sexual experience before marriage. Mr. Russell urges this point with singular perspicacity. A girl who is a virgin, he claims, is much more easily trapped into a hopeless marriage than one who has had sexual experience and understands something of her bodily functions and the nature of the love emotion. That the soundness of this logic is denied by most people today is clear proof of Mr. Russell's claim that our attitude toward sex is still based upon superstition and not upon reason.

While Mr. Russell's contention that it was the discovery of fatherhood which led to the subjection of women is far from convincing, since what we know of the change from the matriarchate to the patriarchate indicates that the cause was far more economic than psychological, his analysis of feminine subjection as a reality is superb. His description of the physical and mental prison in which women were forced to live prior to their recent emancipation is excellent by virtue of its insight and interpretation. Woman's revolt in our day has brought us face to face with a number of new problems which we must meet. One is that of sexual as well as economic and political equality. Women must have the same right to sexual experimentation as men—before marriage as well as after. As long as sex relationships remain sterile, there is little need to be concerned with adultery at all; indeed, Mr. Russell suggests that adultery should not be considered sufficient ground for divorce. Husbands may have to learn "to be as tolerant of lovers as Orientals are of eunuchs," and married people in general will have to get rid of the idea that marriage should "exclude other sex relations."

The striking fact in all this moral diagnosis and prognosis is that Mr. Russell is really concerned with a rationalization of what has actually occurred or is in the process of occurring; he is dealing in words with what in so many ways has already happened in fact. The very people who find their lives caught and twisted in exactly the ways that Mr. Russell so aptly describes are the ones to condemn in theory what they actually practice. They are afraid to face the conclusions that their behavior demands. In the last analysis Mr. Russell, like Judge Lindsey, is proposing nothing new; he is only suggesting a candid facing of a new fact. An old morality is bankrupt; a new morality will have to be created. In fact, a new morality is already in the process of being created blindly by the very people who have never heard of Mr. Russell or of the new theories of morality that many of this generation have proposed. The economic and psychological forces in our civilization are at work achieving this change. Mr. Russell's book attempts only to give clarity to this change, but in trying to do this he is attempting in a fine, courageous manner an extremely grave task. Too much praise can scarcely be given to those who, like Mr. Russell, see this change as part of a greater revolution in the very structure of social life. V. F. Calverton

An Ideal Ex-President

The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $3.

NOBODY of understanding would expect Calvin Coolidge to write a good autobiography. Such a work can be produced only by a person who has both the wish and the capacity for self-revelation. Considering his notorious reticences, Mr. Coolidge would seem to be almost the worst possible person to write the story of his life. So nobody should be surprised to find the present volume pretty thin milk. Yet the meagerest autobiography reveals some truth, usually inadvertently, which another biographer would miss or in regard to which his assertion would be open to dispute, and in this respect Mr. Coolidge's life of himself is no exception.

The opening chapter, on his childhood, is perhaps the best in the book. Mr. Coolidge is able to relax somewhat there—to view that little Vermont farm boy and his environment with a certain detachment and lack of consciousness. One smiles with the author in reading how as a child he was taken on a visit to Montpelier, the State capital, and was less impressed by the privilege of sitting in the governor's chair than by a stuffed catamount in the museum. He writes that his boyhood's ambition was to keep store, like his father, and there will be some with the malice to comment that an excellent village storekeeper was spoiled to make a mediocre President. The account of college days is less satisfactory. There is almost nothing about friends, hobbies, non-classroom activities, outside reading, or developing ideas, though there is a little about his studies and a sincere tribute to his teacher in philosophy, Charles E. Garman, who apparently fixed Mr. Coolidge in his orthodox moral and religious beliefs. One reads with some amazement that at commencement the future President's classmates chose him to deliver the "grove oration," which according to custom was intended to deal with the class "in a witty and humorous way." But Mr. Coolidge hastens to add: "While my effort was not without some success I very soon learned that making fun of people in a public way was not a good method to secure friends, or likely to lead to much advancement, and I have scrupulously avoided it."

The story of Mr. Coolidge's meeting with his future wife, his courtship, and his marriage is polished off in 250 threadbare words, while in the whole account of his White House career there is practically nothing about contacts with other public men, not a line about political struggles, no morsel of inside information in regard to what went on in Washington. Yet one does glean that, disdaining the services of the White House barber, the President shaved himself with an old-fashioned razor; also that he enjoyed shaking hands with the general public and apparently sent his autograph to all who asked for it.

There is one subject in particular in regard to which one looks for light: the Boston police strike, which raised an unknown governor of Massachusetts to national prominence and paved the road to the Presidency. The story went out to the country in 1919 that Governor Coolidge by his firm, decisive stand in calling out the National Guard broke the Boston police strike and saved the city from anarchy. Mr. Coolidge's own account serves to perpetuate that falsehood; for falsehood it is—as *The Nation* pointed out ten years ago—according to the report of the Storrow committee, the findings of which have never been successfully disputed. That committee was appointed by Mayor Peters with the hope of settling the trouble over the unionization of the police force. It was a businessmen's committee, headed by James J. Storrow of the banking house of Lee, Higginson and Company. Its report

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shows that Governor Coolidge, realizing in advance of the police walk-out that public opinion was pretty evenly divided, kept his hands off as completely as possible. It was only after the police had walked out, after there had been serious disorder, after public sentiment had turned against the police, and after Mayor Peters had restored order by calling out the National Guard in Boston that Governor Coolidge won the nation's applause by needlessly mobilizing the National Guard of the entire State with a flamboyant proclamation.

While Mr. Coolidge's account may not be literally untrue, it is so far from the whole truth that it leaves the uninformed reader with an impression which is fundamentally and essentially false. For instance, Mr. Coolidge writes: "On reaching my office in the morning [Wednesday, September 10, the day after the police walk-out] it was reported to me that the Mayor was calling out the State Guard of Boston to report about five o'clock that afternoon. He also requested me to furnish more troops. I supplemented his action by calling substantially the entire State Guard to report at once." The truth is that on Monday night, September 8, members of the Storrow committee visited Mr. Coolidge and asked him to have militia in the streets in advance of the police walk-out, which was set for the following day. Mr. Coolidge did not give his formal answer until the next morning, Tuesday [the day of the walk-out], when a note was received from him saying: "I am unable to discover any action that I can take." Nor did he call out militia on Wednesday, as his account leads the reader to suppose. He did not issue his call until Thursday, September 11. On this point the words of the Storrow committee are convincing and, for Mr. Coolidge, crushing: "By Thursday morning order had been generally restored in the city. On Thursday afternoon the Governor assumed control of the situation."

The important truth in Mr. Coolidge's book lies not in the narrative but in its moralizings and copybook maxims. Here is a better measure of his mind and spirit than a score of pages of self-analysis would have yielded. In his first chapter he writes that his boyhood environment gave him a good knowledge of the practical side of government. "I understood," he continues, "that it consisted of restraints which the people had imposed upon themselves in order to promote the common welfare." Could there be any better explanation of Mr. Coolidge's limitations as a statesman than this negative definition? A few pages farther on we find him slipping into such Pollyanna utterances as: "While I am not disposed to minimize the amount of evil in the world I am convinced that the good predominates and that it is constantly all about us, ready for our service if only we will accept it." And again: "We were taught [by Professor Garman] to follow the truth whithersoever it might lead. We were warned that this would oftentimes be very difficult and result in much opposition, for there would be many who were not going that way, but if we pressed on steadfastly it was sure to yield the peaceable fruits of the mind. It does." O fortunate Mr. Coolidge to have found it so!

After that one reads without a quiver such superb evidences of complacency and assurance as "I was ready, from the time the justices named me the Clerk of the Courts until my party nominated me for President"; or "The right thing to do never requires any subterfuges, it is always simple and direct"; or "Fate bestows its rewards on those who put themselves in the proper attitude to receive them." Such sentences explain better than the vague pages in his last chapter why Mr. Coolidge did not choose to seek reelection to the Presidency in 1928. He was satisfied with his achievements; he had no unfulfilled program which he burned to carry out; he had no failures which he wanted to retrieve or hopes to whose realization he still stubbornly clung; he wasn't getting any fun out of the job, and he was shrewd enough to sense the possibilities of catastrophe in sticking too long by it. What more natural than to retire to the simpler, more grateful duties of ex-President, an office for which he is ideally qualified?

Most of our Chief Magistrates have been pathetic as ex-Presidents. Mr. Roosevelt was a caged tiger; Mr. Taft quit the job gladly for the Supreme Court; Mr. Wilson's post-White House days were a somber tragedy. But Calvin Coolidge, although he may not have attained first rank in the Presidency, promises to go down into history as our greatest ex-President.

ARTHUR WARNER

The Dualism of Thomas Mann

Three Essays. By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THOMAS MANN is an artist-philosopher with an ideological system of his own. Perched upon the pinnacle of his magic mountain he sees a titanic struggle going on below him, but he cannot be sure which side ought to win and in the confusion he cannot even distinguish with certainty the disposition of the troops. Down there where the dreamy East is meeting the pragmatical West and the contemplative artist stands up against the man of action; down there where the children of nature contend with the children of spirit and where the Catholic ideal of a hierarchy gives battle to the liberal faith in the ethics of democracy; down there on that dubious field the fate of mankind is being decided. Momentous as the issue is, he cannot know for certain either what is allied with what or on which side the angels fight. Is the spirit of nationalism the enemy of Eastern communism, or is it rather the enemy of that traditional Western unity which opposes itself to the Oriental flood of which communism is a part? And even if we knew the answer to that question, would we not still be incapable of knowing which was fighting the battle for humanity, because still incapable of knowing in what direction the brightest possible future for humanity lies? Yet know we must if we are to be more than passive victims of forces beyond our comprehension.

In his distress he sets up categories like those which he once labeled sickness and health, but he finds them not as useful as they promised to be. The very words unintentionally beg the question, and one discovers that certain precious things like the sensitivity of the artist go into the wrong category. And yet, he seems to say, categories there must be. The various phenomena are manifestations of some grand dualism, and to discover what its two faces are is a matter of life and death. Every idea, every tendency, every personality must be analyzed in a desperate effort to discover the principle upon which a division can be made, for until that principle is discovered we cannot know our enemies from our friends. Like Paul Valéry, like Henri Massis, and like a half-dozen others he is convinced that civilization hangs at this very moment in the balance. He is sure that decisions must be made. But he cannot see clearly enough to make them unequivocally. It is not, be it understood, that he has no temperamental preferences, for he is obviously hard-headed and aristocratic. His impulses are conservative rather than radical and he leans toward discipline, order, and what he would call the West rather than toward mystical democracy, Christianity, and what he would call the East. But he is enormously sensitive in his feeling for even the things which he holds suspect, and he often hangs suspended at the very moment when he is sure that he should choose.

For some men doubt is a peaceful refuge, an escape from the necessity of decision and choice; but for others it is a torture. In these latter it generates a sense that their fate is

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being discussed in a language which they cannot quite grasp, and out of that sense grew "The Magic Mountain"—a brilliant attempt to convey through concrete characters and incidents Mann's conception of forces which can be named only with such elusive names as liberalism, humanism, mysticism, sickness, and health. Now, in "Three Essays," he has gathered together three papers of which at least two may be regarded as pendants to that impressive novel. In one he describes his visit to the spiritualistic seance which suggested the curious supernatural interlude in "The Magic Mountain," and in the others he analyzes Goethe and Tolstoy in the light of the dualism which so much concerns him.

Both, he finds, were children of nature as distinguished from such children of spirit as Schiller and Dostoevski. But both submitted themselves to anti-naturalistic influences and it is here that they diverge, for while the one looked toward Christianity and the East the other looked toward a kind of Germanic Hellenism and the West. Tolstoy in his peasant's blouse and Goethe in his official uniform are parodies, but parodies which reveal the significant difference between the two men who subdued their natural force to two different disciplines; and the question for Mann is the question which is preferable. In this case he answers it cautiously and tentatively, but nevertheless unmistakably, by pointing his finger at the German. For us at least, he seems to say, the way of the West is the only way. Tolstoy the peasant, the Christian, the Slav turns his back upon us and our future. Russia lies between Europe and Asia, but its great prophet looked toward Asia.

Those who turn to "Three Essays" in the expectation of finding there a simple key to "The Magic Mountain" will be in some measure disappointed. To read it is to learn that much which seems dubiously hinted in the novel seems so, not because its author deliberately chose to leave simple convictions unexpressed, but because it is only by parable that he knows how to say what he feels the necessity of saying. Yet here is the same mind at work in much the same way, and here, by consequence, is as illuminating a commentary as one is likely to get upon a novel which will probably remain among the most distinguished of our time.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Young Mr. Windsor

The Biography of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. By W. and L. Townsend. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

H. R. H. Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales, is doubtless an amiable and well intentioned not-so-young young man. In the esteem of a susceptible part of our population he occupies a place almost as high as those held by Mr. Rudy Vallee and the late Valentino. The reader of his authorized biography will not cover many pages without learning, in addition, that the Prince is a man of "remarkable achievements," that he is "a great English gentleman of the newer school," that he has "pronounced business acumen," that "his excellence is as indefinable as the charm of a lovely woman," and that "he has earned himself a niche in the history of the world without comparison amongst his peers of the past."

The authors repeatedly assure us that the possessor of these breath-taking virtues is often completely exhausted from the arduous duties of his office. In this connection one assumes that the narrative does the Prince a disservice, for in it he is confined to such comparative frivolities as traveling in state, delivering graceful platitudes prepared for him by someone else, getting bits of ribbon pinned on him by foreign potentates, or taking tea before the camera in a miner's cottage. For the rest, we learn that hard liquor, gambling, hunting, golf, serious reading, and other minor vices make little or no appeal to him. We are informed that when he has a bit of time to himself he visits his parents or spends "a happy hour in his den" at York House listening to his gramophone records, of which his favorites are "dance tunes." Though the Prince commonly intrusts the composition of his speeches to a secretary, his biographers assure us that "he chooses all his own clothes and gives personal instruction as to their care," and that in sartorial matters "his is the acme of quiet good taste and gentlemanly refinement."

In sum, this is a real nice biography, fairly sweating with good taste and refinement.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Thus the Churches

Religion Lends a Hand: Studies of Churches in Social Action. By James Myers. Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

THE capacious bosom of the church has room for many sucklings. There are the overgrown youngsters who should have been weaned and pushed out long ago, business entrepreneurs of religion like the Stratons, McPhersons, and Reisners. There are the sickly infants, scarcely viable, like the Unitarians and enlightened Congregationalists with whom churchgoing is hardly more than a decorous hebdomadal habit. And there are the authors of books like "Religion Lends a Hand." The Rev. James Myers, I am sure, will always draw his sustenance from the breast of the Bride of Christ.

He has written a very helpful book. The publishers claim for it a "delightful touch of humor" which they must have found all the more delightful because it is unconscious. It crops out on the very first page in an account of the milk producers' fight against the milk trust in the Chicago area. The church of course does not take sides. Its function is to conciliate, to blur the class cleavage in capitalist society. Myers writes of such a conciliation meeting in the Huntley Congregational Church:

> The first speaker was the superintendent of the consolidated school. "One of the chief dangers to our civilization," he said, "is class division, augmented by feelings of injustice. It is a good omen when the church undertakes to resolve such conflicts between economic classes, and in no place is such conciliation needed more than between city and country." And the village banker said, "Amen!"

Though he does not know it, the humor is entirely Mr. Myers's.

Again he writes of a woman who developed into a circuit-riding preacher in Maine. With almost saturnine but once more unconscious Freudian humor, Mr. Myers tells how after the death of her husband she "passed through a deep religious experience of the love of Christ."

The book will have many readers among Christians as naive and kindly and busy as Mr. Myers himself. They will feel the reflected glow of the industrial secretary's pride at being able to record that a very progressive Los Angeles pastor believes in civil liberty "even on behalf of members of the I. W. W." They will become similarly Christlike as they contemplate the Y. M. C. A. where two colored boys "are considered 'just the same as anyone else.'" They will take pride in the struggles of the Y. W. student in industry who could hardly bring herself to use the "tough language of the class of girls to be found under such poor conditions" as young working women often find themselves in.

And how they will smirk when they learn how on the Labor Temple committee "Park Avenue and Second Avenue

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meet. Members of wealthy uptown churches sit down with Polish and Jewish officials of the Garment Workers, the Typographical Union, the Teachers' Union," and presumably other slum products addicted to tough language.

Yet the book is important. Apart from revealing the smug condescension of religion in its present-day efforts to lend a hand, it gives varied and interesting examples of the many fields into which cautious pioneers of the cloth are anxiously feeling around with tentative paw. The best chapter of the even dozen is the one on the church and the twelve-hour day in steel. It gives a factual account of the twelve-year pressure on the steel trust to adopt the humaner and also more profitable eight-hour shift in its mills. There is a maximum of history and a minimum of Myers in it. SINCLAIR LEWIS.

Mr. Yeats's Kubla Khan

A Packet for Ezra Pound. By William Butler Yeats. Dublin: The Cuala Press. 10s. 6d.

THIS slight book consists of a few pages of autobiographic gossip about Mr. Yeats and Mr. Pound at Rapallo, a new preface to The Great Wheel (from "A Vision"), a poem, and a letter declaring that that book will proclaim a new divinity—the Oedipus-Christ, apparently, who sank into the earth body and soul instead of ascending into the abstract heavens like the son of God. The new preface, the only portion of the book that may claim any interest, replaces the old preface to "A Vision" which told an impossible story of the finding of the documents which led to the preparation of that strange book. It is now explained that shortly after his marriage Yeats found his wife an adept at automatic writing.

> What came in disjointed sentences, in almost illegible writing, was so exciting, sometimes so profound, that I persuaded her to give an hour or two day after day to the unknown writer, and after some half dozen such hours offered to spend what remained of life explaining and piecing together those scattered sentences. "No," was the answer, "we have come to give you metaphors for poetry."

We are not told why the poet disregarded this warning, and those of us who have tried to understand "A Vision" wish fervently that he had not. By 1920 fifty copy-books were filled with this automatic writing and a lesser number with the revelations in sleep that took the place of the writing. These books seem to have played a large part in the making of "A Vision," of which the author now says:

> All of "A Vision" except the section on the twenty-eight phases, and that called Dove or Swan which I repeat without change, fills me with shame. I had misinterpreted the geometry, and in my ignorance of philosophy failed to understand distinctions upon which the coherence of the whole depended, and as my wife was unwilling that her share should be known, and I to seem sole author, I had invented an unnatural story of an Arabian traveler which I must amend and find a place for some day because I was fool enough to write half a dozen poems that are unintelligible without it.

The remainder of this part of the present book consists of a more or less detailed account of the circumstances and difficulties attending these spirit messages. Assuming that the account bears some actual relation to genuine experiences—Mr. Yeats has a way of preferring the symbolic truth to the literal truth—it will be of some interest to the psychologist if of none to the literary man. Meanwhile it is interesting to observe the implications of the above confession. For all the fragility of the early poetry, so faery, so charming, so bewitching, nobody ever thought of complaining that it was remote from human interests as the critics did of the arcane symbolism in the "Wind among the Reeds" and other volumes that have appeared since. This symbolism came largely from Yeats's interest in Blake, who led him for a long time by two roads—the road of the divine imagination, the revelatory imagination, and the road of the divine passions. The farther he went along the former the more he became lost in its dark mazes, for he was Yeats and not Blake, and he was very sane and Blake was very mad. In his attempts to distinguish the false from the true imagination, which is the problem of this gospel, he was sidetracked by his unfortunate interest in the world of the daemons of whom he speaks most lucidly in "Per Amica Silentia Lunae"—which is his retelling of the thoughts of the Cambridge Platonist, Henry More, in his book "The Immortality of the Soul." This was tantamount to exchanging the fairies of Sligo for the spooks of Soho, and the spirituality of the one was poorly bargained away for the spiritism of the other.

Yeats would himself deny, I think, that he made this exchange, for he has said somewhere that the magical ideas of such men as More are but the same body of ancient tradition that we find in the superstitions of rural Ireland which were his early love; but they are indeed two very different worlds that he has created for himself out of these two interests. The world of imagination in which the Wanderings of Oisin was born was one to which all have access; it is magical and innocent, and as near us as the wonder-world of our own private childhood. But what of the mysterious darkness of this other world? It is really not one-half as mysterious as the fairy world his Sligo peasants created for him. That world throbbed with life for them and him, it was an elaborate starlight; this other world was conceived intellectually and is supported by such invention as the impossible story of the Arabian traveler. He has made his journey to it by a road as tortuous as the road to Babel in the old scriptural cuts, and the readers who choose to follow him do so more from loyalty than natural attraction, feeling when they get there, I make no doubt, as uncomfortable as a skeptic at a seance. It is hard on Yeats's admirers: he invents a world of unattractive spooks, then invents stories about it to give it color, then writes poems that are only intelligible when read with these invented stories, and for the sake of the verse we put up with the story and the spooks only to be told of a sudden that it was a foolish story anyway and that the spooks had misled him. We are left with the suspicion that it is not the spooks but Yeats's critical faculty that is at fault.

It is not impossible that the experiences recounted in the new preface are genuine. From the point of view of the literary man it makes no difference which story Yeats prefers to keep; he will be tempted to disregard both of them, as Professor J. L. Lowes disregarded Coleridge's story about the composition of Kubla Khan in writing his "Road to Xanadu." In that book, a monument of industry, every single line in the Ancient Mariner and Kubla Khan was most plausibly traced to its sources in Coleridge's reading, and if some indefatigable student were to apply a little of the same method to Yeats's "Vision" he would probably find that the sources of that book lie just as snugly within the realms of this fleshly world. Mr. Yeats avers that in all his readings among the philosophers he has come on nothing, save the vortex of Empedocles, that suggests the geometrical symbolism communicated by his "messengers" and reproduced in "A Vision." It is most likely that the notion originated, as his dream originated, with the group of thoughts that were sifted down to "Per Amica Silentia Lunae"—thoughts that gathered into the city of his brain from a thousand places. A million things might have suggested his geometrical symbolism to him: the strange geometrical designs in Henry More, for example, the pictures of the Wheel

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of Life he must have seen over and over again in his readings in Indian philosophy, the Tantric symbols from the same source, and so on. This is not said to deride Yeats's belief but to show its irrelevance to literature, for in the end it will make little matter which be true since the only thing of interest or importance to anybody will be the beauty and the poetry strained from all this brew. The brew itself tasted very flat indeed in "A Vision," and it tastes so very flat in this little book that it drives one to the thought that writers nowadays do far too much of their brewing in public, and do it far too quickly.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

Invention and Interpretation

The Bird of God. The Romance of El Greco. By Virginia Hersch. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand. An Eighteenth Century Friendship. By Anna de Koven. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

AFTER the anxious inquiry for fact and the careful endeavor to record it accurately, comes the indulgence; after research, the definition. Behold Jesus through St. Mark, Renan, Papini, and Barton; behold Napoleon through Thiers, Ludwig, and Merezhkovsky! The transition from interpretation to invention is usually too subtle to permit accusation; only when the facts are too strained does the bubble burst. Mrs. Hersch with the smallest amount of data invents a personality; Mrs. de Koven with abundant evidence postulates an amazing contradiction.

Knowledge of El Greco is very limited. He came from Crete. He studied under Titian. He lived in Rome before he went to Spain where, until his death, he worked in Toledo. He was the father of a son whose mother he never married; the same woman was with him at his death. His Greek name was Domenicos Theotocopoulous, meaning "bird of God"; the Italians and the Spaniards spoke of him as The Greek. These items and his paintings constitute about the only certainty there is of him. Thus if Mrs. Hersch wishes to believe that the indeterminate figure she conjectures and to which she attaches this information—the undeveloped boy in Titian's home, the ambitious, egoistic man in Toledo, the genius who was more Spanish than the Spaniards—is El Greco, there is no proof other than the paintings by which to contradict her. Even then the ground is uncertain, for who can divine the character of a genius through his work? One can only say that the quality of that work warrants a different, a more violent, a stranger interpretation; that the ponderous style, half chronicle, half exaggerated romance, of a language overladen with richness is not compatible with the frenzied exultation of the pictures. For the reader who peruses the book as a novel and not as a biography there are the story of a cruel love affair and bright glimpses of seventeenth-century Spain. But to the reader to whom those wondrous spirals of color, light, and line are among the most amazing manifestations of human spirit and artistic technique the book will seem unnecessary, not because it adds nothing to the final estimate of the artist nor because it sheds no new light on what is already known, but because it offers a dangerous confusion between assumed personality and established work.

Lytton Strachey believes that when Madame du Deffand, aged seventy, first met Horace Walpole, aged forty-nine, the result on her part was "something like a religious conversion." Gamaliel Bradford calls the effect "an infatuation," and Mrs. de Koven in this, the most recent study of the subject, says it was "maternal love." Obviously there is a difference of opinion, yet no new facts since Mrs. Toynbee's edition of the letters, in 1912, have been revealed. Mrs. de Koven quotes at length from this edition and quotes more fully than any of the previous critics, but the impression is not altered. Madame du Deffand, after several years of struggle to make Walpole accept the effusive language of her affection, resigned herself to his foolish demands for an unemotional vocabulary. The old lady veiled her sentiment as well as she could, but that her sentiment became or ever had been maternal the evidence hardly warrants. What is maternal in the early letter that says, "You have reduced me to powder, but I love you for good and all"; or in the later one that admits, "Your letter has upset me so that I feel as if I were drunk"; or in the acknowledgment that at the receipt of one of his letters she goes quite out of her head? What of the last words she writes to him: "You will regret me, for one is glad to know that one is loved"? She tried to curb her ardor; she asked forgiveness; she called herself "Grandmama"; she avowed her willingness to do anything to please him. Is such solicitude maternal? Maurois, in his essay, declares "It is indeed love," the word he uses being *amour,* not *amitié;* and the letters do not contradict him.

Mrs. de Koven has devoted the first half of her volume to a study of the eighteenth-century background, both English and French. Thus her book gives not only the most complete idea of the curious friendship that is to be found apart from the letters themselves, but it also offers a thorough and just approach to it. In scholarly fashion the author presents her material first, reserving her judgment until the end, so that the account is unprejudiced and her interpretation, right or wrong, in no way interferes with the evidence.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Verse Delicate and Mature

Dark Summer. By Louise Bogan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

WE have had no book from Louise Bogan since her small and exquisite first volume "Body of This Death." Those poems were as delicate as bone, but they reflected like a crystal an intense and bitter mind intent upon the analysis of its betraying heart, punishing itself in a kind of proud confessional. A spiritual pride and a heart wiser than its desires were there written down in flawless perfection of language. No other poet in America has a more inevitable sense of the exact word to be employed than has Miss Bogan. In "Dark Summer" the same immaculate spirit and restless heart continue their discourse in language which shows no flagging of the poet's critical employment of her tool. The tool is the same and the creator the same; only the season has changed. For in "Body of This Death" a young woman examined the warfare of mind and heart and found brief respite in passionate interludes, whereas in "Dark Summer" a mature woman examining the same warfare finds it deathless.

Here is an immortality unique with Miss Bogan: no harvest fills the bins while the cycle of years spins by so rapidly that images of spring and summer must be forever in the mind's eye. Memory will not give us pause even in autumn. The heart must bleed and the mind be unaccepting even while the flesh chills. Therefore these unquiet lives. In the long narrative poem The Flume a woman protected by love cannot be convinced of love in any way save by betrayal. In the dialogue Summer's Wish the first voice must protest against the violence of memory which makes Spring a repetition, while the second voice argues for an acceptance of promised beauty. Inescapable beauty must destroy the shell-like spirit and yet the voice be proud to speak:

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Within the mind the live blood shouts aloud;
Under the breast the willing blood is burned,
Shut with the fire passed and the fire returned.
But speak, you proud!

The intensity of "Dark Summer" is the intensity of fear always alive in the mind though the heart be at home in love:

The willing mouth, kissed never to its own beauty
Because it strained for terror through a kiss,
Never quite shaped over the lover's name
Because the name might go.

Miss Bogan's poetic creed may be said to be in her lines:

Speak out the wish like music, that has within it
The horn, the string, the drum pitched deep as grief.
Speak it like laughter, outward. O brave, O generous
Laughter that pours from the well of the body and draws
The bane that cheats the heart: aconite, nightshade,
Hellebore, hyssop, rue—symbols and poisons
We drink in fervor, thinking to gain thereby
Some difference, some distinction.
Speak it, as that man said, *as though the earth spoke,*
By the body of rock, shafts of heaved strata, separate,
Together.
Though it be but for sleep at night,
Speak out the wish.
The vine we pitied is in leaf; the wild
Honeysuckle blows by the granite.

At the time when so much of poetry is merely energetic echoing or forced attempt at individuality, we have among us those few, and among them Louise Bogan, who are not only excellent technicians but true poets in that they have an extremely sensitive approach to their physical world and a definite poetic outlook concerning it.

EDA LOU WALTON

Trailing the Truant Apache

The Truth About Geronimo. By Britton Davis. Edited with an Introduction by Milo M. Quaife. Yale University Press. $4.

LIEUTENANT DAVIS, a West Point graduate, was with the army in the Apache country from June, 1882, to September, 1885, when he resigned from the service. For a considerable part of this time he commanded one or more companies of Apache scouts. His book is a narrative, largely from his own recollections, of events in the several campaigns during those three years, and a brief résumé, from various first-hand sources, of the campaign that closed with Geronimo's last surrender. It is a well-knit, carefully executed narrative, thickly sown with humorous or thrilling incidents, and all of it is engagingly told. It pictures the daily life on the reservation; it recounts the intrigues of the malcontents, the outbreaks followed by the pillage and slaughter of civilians, and the long and wearisome campaigns in pursuit of fugitives who contrived always to keep beyond reach until, tired and hungry, they returned to be forgiven. Back on the reservation, they fell at once into their old ways. The malcontents asserted their right to brew and drink tizwin (a crude ferment of young corn so potent that it would fire the heart of a jackrabbit); to beat their wives and cut off the noses of the ones suspected of infidelity; and when restricted in the exercise of these amusements they planned new outbreaks.

Though the challenging tone of the title prepares the reader for a new evaluation of Geronimo, the accepted view of him as a vicious, treacherous, and lying savage is reaffirmed. His rank among his people, however, seems somewhat heightened in the author's account; and it is perhaps better to hold to the happy characterization made of him by Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood as merely "the secretary of state" of Nachez, the legitimate chief of the Chiricahuas. But whatever his rank, he was paramount among all his tribesmen in the ability to incite warfare, and on this point the author's testimony is conclusive.

Lieutenant Davis is a partisan of Crook and is not impressed by the claims made for Miles. The credit for inducing Geronimo to surrender he gives unreservedly, as do most informed persons, to Gatewood and his two Apache emissaries, Ki-e-ta and Martine. He pays a warm and richly deserved tribute to Captain Emmett Crawford, "sans peur et sans reproche," killed by a Mexican bullet while pursuing hostiles across the border and when apparently just at the point of winning a victory. For the loyalty and devotion of his Apache scouts he has high praise. An occasional error occurs in what is otherwise a notably clean text. Such a slip as that of dating the attack at San Carlos and the fight with the fugitives at Chevelon's Fork, a hundred and fifty miles away, as of the same day (July 17, 1882) could be made by any writer and overlooked by any editor or proofreader; but it is a bit singular that the names of Mangas Coloradas (Red Sleeves) and of his son Mangas should be consistently misspelled throughout the book.

W. J. GHENT

The Third Caravan

The New American Caravan. A Year Book of American Literature. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld. The Macaulay Company. $3.50.

THIS, the third issue of a praiseworthy undertaking, comes as a distinct disappointment after the first and second issues. For one thing, the actual material has been cut down by at least a third, possibly more. Fatigued reviewers will be cheered up, perhaps; on the other hand, it may be argued that a collection of experimental, advanced writing should be as copious as possible, even at the risk of including occasional mediocre pieces, in order that the reader may get some large sense of the tendency of the literary vanguard. This sense was admirably communicated by the first and, in a lesser degree, by the second "Caravan." Not so here; the only thing binding the contributions together is their unconventionality of form, considered by magazine standards. Even this must be qualified; for the poems of Evelyn Scott, Stanley J. Kunitz, Helen Pearce, and John Gould Fletcher could, without great difficulty, have found berths for themselves in any one of a number of reviews, poetry magazines, or literary supplements.

But while it would be interesting to trace a stream of tendency, it is silly to expect or demand it. The editors have without any doubt chosen the best that was offered to them, selecting each piece on its individual merits. These merits do not appear to be overwhelming. The verse is on a much higher plane than the prose; on the whole, it is skilful and deeply felt. Only two groups of poems seem to me decidedly bad—those by Helen Pearce and Leon Srabian Herald. Phelps Putnam contributes a moving, almost a grand, long poem called "The Daughters of the Sun." The verse of Mr. Kunitz is incisive, compact, and fierce and the contributions of Evelyn Scott, Matthew Josephson, and John Gould Fletcher are all excellent. The "Three Poems" of Isidore Schneider have, I feel dimly, their own magnificence; but I confess that the syntactical deformations and the inversions are too much for me. The most enjoyable thing in the whole book (and, significantly, the only one, out of twenty-nine contributions, possessing any humor) is Wallace Gould's charming poem to Emily Dickinson, which is delightful yet by no means "light." Paul Green's

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By CHARLES R. DANIELS

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folk fantasy, "Tread the Green Grass," partly in prose, partly in verse, I can make little of. It seems to me unnecessarily obscure and the changes from literary language to Southern dialect rather confusing.

The fiction rarely rises above the mediocre or the merely eccentric. Joseph Vogel in his "Wedding" contributes a near-savage piece of naturalistic satire, and S. Guy Endore in "Cataract" incloses beautifully and imaginatively the emotion of nostalgia. I can find little in the remaining prose that is interesting except Yvor Winters's essay on modern French and American verse, wordy but extremely provocative and intelligent. Of the better-known prose writers the most disappointing is Jean Toomer, from whom, since his amazing "Cane," many have been expecting a work of intense quality. His contribution, evidently a portion of a novel, is not merely badly written and full of childish polysyllables but is intellectually innocent. The conversations of which it is composed recall the dialogues of two thoughtful sophomores. It is the only piece that the editors should unquestionably have refrained from including.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Apostle of Americanism

Thomas Jefferson: The Apostle of Americanism. By Gilbert Chinard. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

AMERICAN historical literature has lately been enriched by Bernard Faÿ's life of Benjamin Franklin, based partly on new and interesting materials. Although he tried to reduce Franklin to the stature of a rather mean little bourgeois, unworthy of a niche beside any great Roman Catholic prelate, M. Faÿ added materially to our understanding of that remarkable Philadelphia printer, called "Pappy" at home. Now comes another French scholar, Gilbert Chinard, with a life of Jefferson that partly atones for the havoc wrought by M. Faÿ. Born and educated in France, long a resident of the United States, now professor of French literature at Johns Hopkins, Professor Chinard is peculiarly equipped to deal with the most French of our true-born English philosophers. To imagination, sympathy, and wide knowledge he has added the fruits of long and painstaking research. He has not suddenly boiled a pot with a biography of Jefferson; on the contrary he had already published four volumes on that great Virginian when he began on this, and not content with the data in hand he proceeded to explore thousands of unpublished letters and papers which had never been thoroughly examined before. And what a joy it is to find amid the blinding storm of books one representing years of quiet and unremitting investigation, and characterized by the calm moderation which we rightly expect in the best of French scholars!

In general structure this is a complete life of Jefferson from his boyhood days to the dying hour at Monticello, giving new nuances and interpretations to the old story. Essentially it is a history of the man and his philosophy of civilization. Hence the subtitle, "The Apostle of Americanism," is entirely correct. Here is a picture of Jefferson's dreams for his native land—dreams built on English social doctrines and American circumstances. In his vision America was long to remain an agricultural country; the soil was to be tilled by honest, fearless freeholders; labor on the land was to give the backbone of independence required in a democracy; government was to be mild and simple in its operations; everywhere there was to be the largest possible freedom of inquiry and expression; a well-rounded educational system was to provide the rudiments of learning for all and a ladder for the training of leaders in public service and the professions; peace, economic security, and individual liberty could at last be won for mankind in a land far removed from the oppressive classes and warlike governments of the Old World. Cosmopolitan in intellectual interests, nationalist in politics, a realist in philosophy, Jefferson was above all a seeker after good things for the land of his birth. And he had an influence on the thinking of the world that is beyond calculation. Such, in meager outline, is the thesis of this book.

Knowing his Jefferson from the ground up, Professor Chinard does not make the mistake of overemphasizing the influence of French thinking on the New England divines' apostle of atheism, bloodshed, and plunder. On the contrary while treating fully Jefferson's French experience and studies, he tells the plain truth, namely, that Jefferson was a thinker in his own right, no mere exponent of alien philosophy and traditions. Nowhere is this more effectively illustrated than in the chapter on the Declaration of Independence, especially the pages covering Jefferson's interpretation of the doctrine of natural rights. Professor Chinard thinks it doubtful whether he knew Rousseau's theory and ascribes to him more originality in formulating the creed than previous writers, who have laid stress on English origins, particularly Locke. In other words, in these pages Jefferson is an outstanding American thinker breaking the way for his countrymen—a rich and engaging personality.

Besides the fundamental things in the book there are collaterals, such as Jefferson's residence in France, which are treated in a new way under fresh light. Space forbids even an enumeration of them. Moreover there are phrases struck off in passing that arrest attention; for example, Jefferson "was not an economist but a sociologist."

Of course it would be possible to quarrel with this book, as with all human undertakings. The hard-boiled economist or politician may be inclined to say that Professor Chinard is more of a humanist and literary critic than a biographer—especially of Jefferson, the shrewdest party manipulator of his time; but a review is no place for quarrels. Professor Chinard has written an important book, one that must be taken into account by all students of American history and thought. He has made Jefferson big. He could have made him little. But that is no matter, in the eyes of those who try to keep their humor and their perspective amid the clack of the typewriter and the roar of the printing press.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Progressive Psychology

The Science of Psychology. By Raymond Holder Wheeler. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.75.

Everyman's Psychology. By Sir John Adams. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The Thinking Machine. By C. Judson Herrick. University of Chicago Press. $3.

THE progressive note in psychology is dominant despite the confusion of tongues and the clashing voices of clamorous schools. The three instrumental compositions that chance to meet the reviewer's table may without violence be interpreted as signs of concordant progress.

Professor Wheeler offers a significant text built upon a modernistic conviction. He enrols himself as a *Gestaltist,* though he uses the term "organismic psychology" as well. This means that the whole is more than the sum of its parts; that we always act as a total organism in a total situation, with a goal-idea; the whole forms an action-pattern which in form becomes a configuration or *Gestalt.* He applies this principle pedagogically and plunges the student at once into the complexities of social psychology—a questionable procedure. The vol-

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ume amounts to a compact encyclopedic survey of the experimental renaissance that characterizes progressive psychology. What is lost in this realistic survey is the general interpretation. Yet it does interpret the message of progressive psychology: that the human endowment and its setting, scientifically viewed, are the psychologist's province. Behavior in all its ranges, conscious behavior notably, has thus found a new instrument of interpretation. Professor Wheeler has produced a text that will impress the fellow-scientists of other domains with the coming of age of the newest of the sciences. Psychology has come to its own, and in that arrival becomes a discipline for specialists, however responsibly the practical service of psychological principles is recognized.

There could be no more convincing corrective and complement to this rigidly technical view of the problems of psychology—for the social, genetic, and clinical applications are integrated only to the point at which they serve as an illustrative commentary on this or that text—than the engaging volume by Sir John Adams, a notable contribution to the available instruments of popularization. Sir John proceeds with the confident touch of an artist. He does more than "take the chill off" the subject—his favorite phrase, a sly dig at the frigid academician; he paints with a rich and colorful palette. While the British approach and interests are not quite the American, the two are congenial save in one respect: the leisurely, digressional procedure may produce impatience here and there in minds adjusted to the tempo in which time is money and racing a sign of abundant vigor. Much of this results from the survival atmosphere of ivied quadrangles peopled with scholastic interests; and in addition Sir John has been to Germany and tries to make out that Herbart was a precursor of Freud.

But, digressions apart, Sir John keeps to his theme and makes available for the reader an admirable selection of living problems in the progressive psychological forum. The "Great Mystery" of personality and the relations of the ego to its habitat; the "psychic nether regions" where phobias dwell and complexes rise to haunt the waking mind; the "paid-up psychic capital" of our habits; the "psychic steering-gear," the will; the "psychic overflow" of the emotions; the "Demos" of our social imitation as well as prejudice—these apt metaphors are followed through with equally apt exposition so that those who amble with an easy attention may profit and understand. "Everyman's Psychology" will find favor on both sides of the water, for it makes a vivid appeal to the common interests of all men who believe that psychology has a guiding function in the control and comprehension of the human endowment or have curiosity enough to test for themselves whether it has.

Professor Herrick has done an equally effective bit of popularization. He has the vigorous touch of the expert hand, trained in the laboratory and inspired by the investigative interest that has explored as well as reported. His main purpose, in contrast with that of Professor Wheeler, is to play the role of interpreter, bringing home to the student and the reader not only what the facts are but what they mean. He is in all truth a mechanist, and the mind is to him a thinking machine, but not, like the proverbial primrose, nothing more; for it is a machine of its own peculiar order, and consciousness —the bogy of the extreme behaviorist—is as readily visaed in this mechanical world as is the most simply conditioned reflex. Professor Herrick has no more hesitation in speaking of the organs of consciousness than of those of digestion. Otherwise he could not tell his tale, either of visceral or of cortical behavior, and no more could Sir John Adams tell the story of "attention, interest, and boredom," or Professor Wheeler describe the manner in which the configuration emerges at different levels by "mice and men"—the subject of another excellent book by Professor Herrick. If one objects that a ma-

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chine thus elaborated loses its mechanical aspect and becomes an animated, vitalized robot, Professor Herrick would rule the objection out of court while other psychologists would question his jurisdiction.

The distinctive note of progressive psychology which the third member of the above trio brings into the theme is the physiological one; yet so uncertain is the line between the two disciplines that Professor Herrick suggests as the only practical criterion the department of the university which is charged with his salary. But the more significant fact is that of the biological clue in the goal-idea that determines behavior and thus makes totally inadequate the over-simplified formula of stimulus-response which the mechanistic behaviorist accepts as a solution, thereby depriving the psychologist of his occupation.

The progress of psychology thus reflected projects a movement with a direction rather than an arrival. The day has come when the readily accepted conviction that psychology has an increasing part to play in human affairs must give way to a more clear-visioned and a more responsible undertaking—that of achieving a safe and sane perspective and a workable program. Data have been accumulating so rapidly, and the testers and experimenters as well as the appliers and the cultists have been so busy adding to their stock and marketing their wares, that the sense of values has been endangered. The immediate problem of progressive psychology is to set its house in order. What present-day psychology needs is a great interpreter—a modernized James, a composite Galton, Wundt, and Freud.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Peons and Politicos

The Under Dogs. By Mariano Azuela. Translated from the Spanish by Enrique Munguia, Jr. Brentano's. $2.50.

THE Mexican Revolution has been conspicuously devoid of literary self-expression. Francisco Madero, Jr., in 1908, wrote the equivalent of Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" in "La Sucesión Presidencial." It embodied the ideology under which the political revolution against the tyranny of Porfirio Diaz was launched. At about the same time the agrarian and more important phase of the revolution-to-be found an academic presentation in Andrés Molina Enríquez's "Los Grandes Problemas Nacionales." Both of these books were dogmatic and didactic presentations by educated men.

Then came the revolution. It swept the land with fire, inundated it with blood, seethed it in anguish. A proletarian revolt, an uprising of the profoundly oppressed, above all an ethnic impulse, it found its expression in purely characteristic folk-ways—arts and crafts, especially painting. The written word made its appearance only in the printed ballads, the *corridos*—sung by street troubadours and passing on endlessly from lip to lip—recording the gallant deeds of heroes, the cruel suffering of martyrs, the gruesome tragedies of an epoch of destruction.

An outstanding exception to this dearth of literary expression, however, was a slender volume entitled "Los de Abajo," literally "Those of Underneath," by Mariano Azuela, first published at El Paso in 1918 but not "recognized" as a work of art until its republication nine years later. A physician in Mexico City, Azuela was caught up in the revolutionary whirl. Graphic, terrible, true, his portrayal of what he saw is the most important human document that has come out of the Revolution. Some of the horrors have been depicted elsewhere, notably in Fr. Francis Clement Kelley's "The Book of Red and Yellow," a terrific indictment of the revolutionists of 1914-1915, and more recently in an extraordinarily able narrative of the Revolution, Martín Luis Guzmán's "El Aguila

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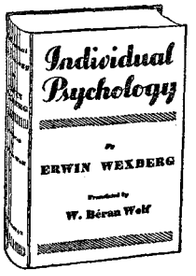

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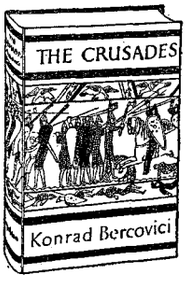

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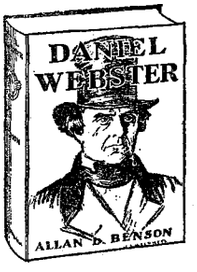

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y La Serpiente." But in neither of these is found a presentation from the standpoint of the under dogs who both made and suffered the horrors of the Revolution. Father Kelley wrote in unsparing condemnation of the Revolution's leaders. Guzmán, one of them, while writing dispassionately, sees the Revolution through its leaders' eyes. Azuela writes of the peons who, equipped with machete and rifle, found release from a lifetime, indeed from generations, of oppression by reckless fighting, roving, killing. In this book all the sordidness, all the baseness of these human dregs is shown faithfully, but wholly without propagandist purpose. It is a record starkly realistic in its simplicity and unsparing truth. It is for the Mexican Revolution a work which combines the qualities of Zola's "La Débâcle" in relation to the Franco-Prussian War and a composite of such fiction as "Soldiers Three," "What Price Glory," "Sergeant Grischa," and "All Quiet on the Western Front" for the World War. No one can discourse on revolution from the ease and safety of an armchair who has not seen and lived in an uprising of the masses in its naked brutality. Azuela supplies this picture for the ten years of violence that followed the fall of Porfirio Díaz.

Illustrations by the great Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco admirably preserve the spirit of the book. Orozco, like Azuela, was a participant in the bloody marches and countermarches over mesa and pueblo. Enrique Munguía, Jr., has performed creditably the task of rendering the almost untranslatable Mexican-Aztec *argot* into readable English.

ERNEST GRUENING

The Man and His Job

Human Nature and Management. By Ordway Tead. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.50.

A DECADE and more ago Mr. Tead with his "Instincts in Industry" did some valiant spade work in behalf of a better understanding between the worker and his job in the modern industrial world. "Man came out of an agricultural, a hunting, a village background where human needs and desires were capable of simple and direct satisfaction. The adaptations required for modern living are, to say the least, drastic." The Big Boss had no knowledge of what his factory and his machines were doing to workers, and he cared less. He got all the foot pounds of energy he could out of them and then threw them on the scrap-heap. But due to the activities of Mr. Tead and his friends, this simple code is beginning to receive a dent or two. The Big Boss still reigns supreme in the South and over great areas elsewhere in the Republic, but here and there the astonishing discovery has been made that the more intelligently the worker is handled the more work he is capable of doing. Under the new dispensation he is exploited to the limit for the profit of the firm, but instead of fainting beneath the lash his health was never better. In brief, it has been found that good working conditions—light, sunshine, air, guarded machines, short hours, rest periods—all tend to make, in the long run, for more profits as well as for happier, healthier human beings. To the gorilla intellect of the Big Boss the formula is of course inconceivable.

Mr. Tead now carries on the good work with a specific inquiry into the psychology of the man on the job. The book is addressed primarily to the factory manager. He is told what psychology means, given an outline of the mechanism of emotions, habits, inborn tendencies to action, the learning process, the defense complex, the meaning of will and purpose. Mr. Tead then proceeds to cite specific examples; he shows how psychological methods have actually been applied in the selection of workers, in training them for their tasks, in the creation of

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morale, in arousing interest, in group action, in the application of discipline.

Take, for instance, the matter of arousing interest, to which one chapter is devoted. The Big Boss is prone to laugh at the mere idea, thereby losing a fat fraction of his net income. Managers a trifle more intelligent seek to offset the grind of the shop with welfare work—band concerts, dances, ball games, reading rooms, picnics. But Mr. Tead outlines the real problem: make the job itself interesting. This is the only finally intelligent approach. Alas, "this objective is not widely held among executives as yet"; our author is still well out on the skirmish line.

To lay the ground-work for an interesting job four things are necessary: (1) The selection of employees adapted to the job—square pegs for square holes; (2) security of tenure in employment so that the worker is not constantly tortured with the fear of being laid off; (3) some tangible reward for interest, financial or other; (4) a working relationship which commends itself to the worker's sense of justice. Coming to the specific problem of interest, the workers must share in the experience of knowledge, of skill, of a sense of approval, a feeling of status, a sense of progress, and an assurance of reward. We are then given a résumé of how various companies have actually applied these principles in whole or in part, and how production has been increased or waste and spoilage have been lessened thereby.

Here, for example is the Hamilton Watch Company. It posts on its walls great colored charts showing the main financial structure of the business—costs per hour, non-productive labor, direct expense, defective work. "Everything we do under this plan is directed toward giving employees all the facts about the business." One large controllable cost item was cut 50 per cent the first year, and then cut in two the second. The men understood how their work fitted into the whole productive picture. They became interested in trying to make the cost curves dip downward. Their jobs became more amusing; the company made more profit.

In Russia I saw the same charts and the same interest. The psychological process was identical. But the extra profits came back in the end to the workers who produced them, and the workers knew it. Perhaps this principle is destined to provide the greatest productive efficiency of all known schemes. Indeed I have long been calling for some competent industrial psychologist to take ship and really find out what makes the Russian workers work. Under the canons of classical economics they are permitted hardly sufficient energy to light a cigarette, yet for the past three years physical production has climbed 20 per cent per year faster than in any other country on earth. After reading this wise and illuminating book, I am convinced that Mr. Tead is the man for the job.

STUART CHASE

Lincoln Exposed

Abraham Lincoln. The Politician and the Man. By Raymond Holden. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

TRUTH, like murder, will out. And so, at last, we have the "truth" about the awkward, slow-witted, scheming, timid politician, always putting party above convictions and himself above everything else, whom the world reveres as Lincoln but to whom his psychoanalytical biographer, with easy familiarity, refers as Abraham. If there was a choice to be made between a high motive and a low one, between public interest and party expediency or personal advantage, Lincoln, or rather Abraham, instinctively if belatedly took the selfish course. In 1856, for instance, he "was still trying to believe

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that he was a Whig, although, as others told him, there no longer was any such thing as a Whig." But "it was a safe bet that some months after the rest of the North and West had admitted the coming ascendency of the Republicans Abraham would climb upon the bandwagon." Accordingly he was soon serving his "new masters."

Lincoln's hide-bound partisanship was fittingly accompanied by a dense ignorance of the history and the nature of the government which he ventured to discuss at Cooper Union in "not a very good speech." But for once his biographer makes allowances. Lincoln had no access to the "records of the debates in the illegal Federal Convention which drafted the Constitution" and hence could not know that, as it has been neatly put, "the organic law of this nation was formulated in secret session by a body called into existence through a conspiratory trick, and was forced upon a disfranchised people by means of a dishonest apportionment in order that the interests of a small body of wealthy rulers might be served." More striking than either his partisanship or his ignorance was his timidity of thought and action. Seldom knowing what it was all about, he usually went around in a daze, shaken by apprehensions, frightened at his own shadow. Even as President he was not "the ghost of a leader" until in desperation he rallied his spirit and became a dictator.

How did it happen that a man like this won the confidence of his countrymen at the greatest crisis in their history? Mr. Holden's explanation is simple. Abraham had an irresistible voice. He "never failed to hold his audience spellbound. It was, indeed, the spell which guided his outpourings, rather than the reasoning behind them." At the end of the debates with Douglas, in 1858, "not one person in the United States was any nearer to a clear understanding of the issues involved." How a biographer can know a thing like that it would be impertinent to inquire. Doubtless he knows it by the same magical process that tells him that when the door had closed upon Lincoln, alone in his room in the White House, "he flung himself down on the bed and lay as if exhausted, with his long black forearm pressed upon his eyes."

Mr. Holden has missed a great opportunity. For there was a Lincoln who was a small-town politician, with ideals and practices to correspond. Somehow he was transformed into a statesman. The delineation of that change would be profoundly interesting, but it would give us no such grotesque figure as that which wobbles its way through Mr. Holden's pages.

ROYAL J. DAVIS

When the Nations Confer

The Practice and Procedure of International Conferences. By Frederick Sherwood Dunn. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50.

SOCIAL psychologists have been slow in studying the nature of the conference method, with the result that political scientists can take no leaf from their book and so may attempt to find relationships where there are none. Dr. Dunn is entirely honest in his perception of the shortcomings of any attempt to classify the difficult field of international conferences, and realizes that he is only groping his way. The international conference is no product of an orderly evolution but is still in the very early stages of development. Dr. Dunn's best efforts reveal only four general usages in procedure: the requirements that there shall be unanimous consent for the adoption of any proposal, that all representatives shall be equipped with "full powers," that the foreign minister or chief delegate of the country where the conference is held shall be elected presiding officer, and that French shall be the general language of debate.

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Even these usages have been departed from in the heyday of international conferences since the war.

Dr. Dunn's clarity of definition is excellent, as is his precise use of terms such as "political" and "non-political"—the former referring to the relations between the governments of the world as states and the latter to the international activities of individuals extending beyond national boundaries. Political conferences occupied the early field, but the non-political, unknown before 1850, are now far in the lead as far as numbers go. It is to the latter that Dr. Dunn looks for further development.

The reader who arrives at the end of the book may well feel that he has completed a circle and returned to his starting-point, for the past course of international conferences offers small basis of prediction for the future. Yet Dr. Dunn's task was worth while, even if he does little more than show the present lack of organization. It is too bad that so clear a book should be written in so pedestrian a style and end so abruptly, with the last paragraph leaving the subject dangling in mid-air. It is also especially to be regretted that procedure is so constantly emphasized per se rather than in relation to the substantive content of the conferences.

JANE PERRY CLARK

Parliament and Empire

Parliament and the British Empire. Some Constitutional Controversies Concerning Imperial Legislative Jurisdiction. By Robert Livingston Schuyler. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.75.

PROFESSOR SCHUYLER'S book is a rejoinder to the contention put forward by Professor Charles H. McIlwain in his volume entitled "The American Revolution: A Constitutional Interpretation," a work which received the Pulitzer prize in history in 1923 and made a considerable stir in historical circles, to the effect that the British Parliament "never possessed lawful authority outside the realm of England and that those Americans who denied its jurisdiction over the colonies were therefore right." According to Professor McIlwain, the imperial supremacy of Parliament had its origin in a legislative usurpation dating from the Long Parliament, and particularly in the act of May 19, 1649, establishing the Commonwealth. This act is declared by Professor McIlwain to have been not only illegal, but also the beginning of "the direct constitutional antecedents of the American Revolution" and "apparently the first formal assertion by a Parliament of its authority beyond the realm."

Professor Schuyler concedes, of course, that not only the act of May, 1649, but all the other acts of the Long Parliament were illegal, for the reason that they were all enacted without the assent of the King. In English legal history, indeed, they are not recognized as statutes at all, but are known as ordinances. The claim of Parliament to imperial authority, however, as presented by Professor Schuyler, does not rest upon the dubious foundation of an illegal ordinance. "An examination of the statutes of the Tudor period makes clear beyond doubt that the Parliaments which enacted them did not consider that their authority was confined to the realm of England." We find Parliament legislating for Wales, for English possessions on the Continent, for the Channel Islands, and for the Isle of Man. In fact, as Professor Schuyler reads the record, "the jurisdiction of Parliament was never confined to the realm of England. From the earliest times Parliaments were imperial in the scope of their authority."

Having discredited, as he believes, and as the evidence which he adduces seems clearly to show, the McIlwain theory,

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Professor Schuyler goes on, in the main portion of his book, to trace the evolution of parliamentary authority outside of England and the substantial modifications which it has undergone. Until the Act of Union, in 1800, gave Ireland representation at Westminster, Ireland successfully maintained its claim to be governed only by laws enacted by the King and the Irish Parliament, although "the merits of the Irish claim and the reasons for its triumph are to be found elsewhere than in the strength of the historical arguments used to support it." Barbados offers an example of an early colonial protest, and the constitutional issue was repeatedly joined in the long controversy over the abolition of slavery in the colonies. At the present time Parliament is, "in fact as well as in form," a "sovereign legislature" for India and the numerous colonial dependencies and mandated territories, although "in practice local legislatures are permitted to deal with matters of local concern" and a policy of "progressive realization of responsible government" has been proclaimed for India. For the Dominions, on the other hand, "the British Parliament has ceased to be an Imperial Parliament in any real sense of that term."

Professor Schuyler has done a sterling piece of work, and his book is a contribution of first rate importance to British constitutional history. Special attention should be directed to his voluminous notes, into which he has contrived to pack a very large body of information and criticism in addition to citations of his authorities. WILLIAM MACDONALD

Discreditable Journalism

The Red Napoleon. By Floyd Gibbons. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

CONQUER AND BREED (capitals not ours) is the motto of Karakhan of Kazan who, according to Floyd Gibbons, will conquer Europe and Asia within five years and invade the United States in 1935. We gather that this Karakhan is a thoroughly unpleasant fellow. He is Red and yellow at the same time; he has squint eyes and belongs to the Third International; he has a white wife and, oh, how he loves white women! He seizes the reins of power in Soviet Russia after the assassination of Joseph Stalin on November 2, 1932, and then proceeds to conquer China, Japan, Austria, Poland, Germany, Italy, France, Spain, Australia, and what have you. A Communist prime minister named Cook and the British Labor Party turn over Great Britain to his "Sovietic" (sic) rule in 1933. Mussolini makes a brave stand for civilization but is blown in pieces on February 18, 1933, by an air bomb. And then Karakhan's soldiers behold the women of Europe. No wonder the circulation of *Liberty,* which carried this story as a serial, has gone up.

Karakhan finally gets to the United States, which isn't quite ready for him because the dirty pacifists have been at work and because not enough people have subscribed to the Chicago *Tribune.* He captures much of New England and New York and wipes out Seattle. Our capital is removed for safety to St. Louis. When the white race is going down for the third time our darling admirals, who helped Mr. Gibbons with the charts for his book, rush into the breach, demolish the combined British, Japanese, French, Chinese, Russian, Italian, Red-yellow fleets in the grand finale of the Battle of the Windward Passage, and the Red Napoleon retires to Bermuda to sit on a porch and die while Mr. Gibbons writes his biography.

All this could be dismissed as pish-posh if it were not for the fact that our miseducation in pugilistic nationalism has prepared millions of good, ordinary Americans from Gastonia to Centralia to accept it as gospel truth. The book also raises

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an important ethical question for American journalists. How far should a journalist be allowed to couple the artifices of fiction and the real names of living men in a story which, in the deepest sense of the word, is untrue? Mr. Gibbons uses scores of real people to give his narrative reality—Karakhan, Seipel, Mussolini, Al Smith. H. G. Wells, Samuel Hopkins Adams, and others have blended journalism and fiction in ways which caused critics to question their good taste, but they were conscientious and authentic in presenting the figures and the spirit of a period. Mr. Gibbons's tale is another matter. Only a member of the National Security League in the last stages of delirium tremens could mutilate facts and distort characters more successfully.

If Mr. Gibbons as a foreign correspondent were to write news dispatches in which he miscalculated the military strength of Russia and the tendencies toward social revolution in Europe and Asia as obviously as he does in this book, he would be universally discredited in his profession, but because he writes in the form of fiction he escapes both our libel laws and the penalties meted out to irresponsible reporters. We can only hope that in the future he will confine his imaginative journalism to the weekly that carries at the top of its editorial page its own moral epitaph: "Our country, right or wrong."

PAUL BLANSHARD

Russian Romance

Cement. By Feodor Gladkov. Translated from the Russian by A. S. Arthur and C. Ashleigh. International Publishers. $2.50.

"CEMENT," though an important novel, is not by any means a great novel. The author is woefully addicted to pathos and ornamentation; and not infrequently his pathos degenerates into bathos, and his ornamentation into a heap of obstructing details. His characterizations, too, are not always felicitous: not one of the main heroes is clearly delineated. Many situations are absurdly treated (the Party cleansing is a good example). The two lines along which the story unfolds—the factory and the home—are never welded into an artistically convincing whole.

The historic moment presented in the story is the spring and summer of 1921, the days of the first faltering attempts at economic rehabilitation after the civil war. Poverty, hunger, disease, lack of faith among many of the workers, sabotaging tactics on the part of the few remaining "bourgeois" specialists, bureaucracy in the most responsible offices of the Communist Party—these are some of the main obstacles which Gleb Chumalov, the central character of the novel, encounters in his mighty efforts to rebuild the cement factory. Needless to say, Gleb finally emerges victorious. After three hundred closely printed pages we finally come to the scene of his great triumph—the celebration of the reopening of the factory.

Parallel to his victorious struggle on the economic front, the hero of the story wages a much more cruel, perplexing, and desperate battle on the marital front. A disciplined Communist, a civil-war hero belonging to the Order of the Red Flag, Gleb, in his connubial relations, is conservative, traditional. He still feels a proprietary right to his wife's undivided affections. He still wants his Dasha to be the old-fashioned female—wife, mother, cook. But Dasha has changed. Three years of activity in the revolutionary party have made a new woman of her. She is free and independent and places her social and Communist duties above those of wife and mother. "I love you, Gleb," she says, "but perhaps sometimes I love others, too . . ." Gleb is overwhelmed, while Dasha continues: "I don't know, Gleb; everything is broken and smashed and be-

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come confused. Somehow love will have to be arranged differently . . ." How simple political and economic revolutions are when compared with the ruthless civil wars and revolutions people have to fight out in their own souls!

Gleb's victory on the economic front is somewhat spoiled by his partial defeat on the "domestic front." He reestablishes the old factory; he fails to reestablish the old family. With the death of their only child, his wife leaves him in order that she may function unhampered as a free woman and a consecrated Communist. Yet even here Gleb is only partly beaten, for he finally succeeds in transcending the atavistic emotion of jealousy. In the exultation at the restarting of the works, he forgets his bitter hatred for the man who had once possessed Dasha. The moment is glorious—enmities are hushed, jealousies waved aside, doubts resolved in a splendid outburst of comradely enthusiasm. The two erstwhile antagonists shake hands. The personal is merged in the general, the individual in the social.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

A One-Foot Shelf

Man and His World: Northwestern University Essays in Contemporary Thought. By 58 Contributors. Edited by Baker Brownell. D. Van Nostrand Company. Twelve volumes. $19.25.

THE purpose of this extensive collaboration is stated by the editor to be, "first, to integrate somewhat the uncoordinated concept of man's intellectual universe; second, to find the modern theme—or themes—and its development in his varied interests." Certainly this is an ambitious project. Its successful execution would have meant a modern Bible. Actually it has resulted in a miscellaneous collection which is neither anthology, symposium, nor encyclopedia at the same time that it is a little of each. Indeed, it comes very close to the ideal of fifteen minutes a day.

The idea of a great symposium providing a panoramic view of the intellectual world of modernity is in itself a good one, but it is really seriously to be doubted if the idea can be realized by assembling what are for the most part elementary essays many of which, indeed, were originally delivered as lectures at Northwestern University. The difficulty cannot be concealed by giving the volumes in which the essays are now collected such absurdly pretentious and grandiloquent titles as "A Preface to the Universe," "Making Mankind," "Society To-Morrow," or "Civilization and Enjoyment." It is true that now and then one comes across interpretative and critical essays, but the contributions seem almost to have been divided into two categories: a few interesting "problem" essays such as usually go into current symposiums, and many descriptive outlines of various branches of knowledge—philosophy, science, art, economics, anthropology, and religion, which constitute the bulk of the offerings.

A moral might or might not be drawn from the fact that the articles on physical science are on the whole the most satisfactory and those on anthropology the least so. At any rate, one begins to see that the announcement of the twofold object of coordination and interpretation is purely a rationalization of the miscarriage of most of the essays. When they are bad, they are to be considered as coordinating. But then one wonders at the omission of hundreds of other subjects that might go into a vital encyclopedia. This separation of the static and dynamic aspects of experience may be taken as an illustration of the common delusion of most scholars that encyclopedic articles must necessarily be dull compendiums of information. But even a collection of essays individually brilliant would fail to effect a synthesis of the universe, since all philosophies of life

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must necessarily be personal. Thus Dr. Brownell, who not so long ago expressed his ideas in "The New Universe," only makes matters worse when he attempts to achieve coherence by imposing himself upon his contributors. In special introductions to each volume, in addition to long opening and closing essays, he insists upon communicating his breathless and ecstatic sense of the emergence of his "new universe." Somehow his Whitmanesque dithyrambs do not go well with discussions of wage scales, overproduction, culture areas, birth-rates, and feminism. It must be concluded that the reader who wants to learn about modernism would do better to keep to the Whiteheads, Morgans, and Eddingtons.

Individually considered the essays of T. D. Eliot, Alvin Johnson, E. A. Burtt, Shailer Matthews, Edwin E. Slosson, W. D. Macmillan, Llewellyn Jones, Robert Morss Lovett, and perhaps a few others are the ones worth reading. I offer the constructive suggestion that they be printed in one volume as the second edition of this series, if there should be one.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Political Briefs

Liberalism and Some Problems of Today. Edited by H. L. Nathan and H. Heathcote Williams. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd. 10s. 6d.

The editors of this volume, both of whom are announced on the title-page as prospective candidates for Parliament, presumably in the election of last May (the preface bears date of March), have brought together sixteen papers or addresses in which various aspects of Liberal policy are discussed. Among the authors are such well-known Liberals as Sir Herbert Samuel, Philip Kerr, Sir John Simon, H. Wilson Harris, and W. T. Layton. As none of the writers has attempted to formulate a detailed party program, it would be unfair to assume that their contributions, taken together, cover all the important points with which the Liberals, if they had a chance, would undertake to deal. One gathers, however, that the party, if it followed the advice here offered, would give the Socialists a wide berth, champion free trade against the safeguarding policy of the Tories, stand by the League of Nations, lend a friendly ear to disarmament proposals, and do what it could to relieve unemployment and put British industry and trade in a better way. As the expected Liberal revival not only failed to arrive, but also seems destined, in view of the outcome of the May election, to be indefinitely delayed, the book must take its place, for the present at least, with the other political gems which the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

Amerika und Wir. Amerikanisch-Deutsches Ideen-Bündnis. Von Ernst Jäckh. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt. 2.75 marks.

The cautious and tactful author of "Deutschland das Herz Europas" here brings together in a small volume the matter which he used in six radio lectures on the reasonableness of sympathetic relations between the United States and Germany. The patient frankness with which he admits Germany's faults and hopefully accepts her burdens is touching and disarming, and his reluctance to judge other nations should protect him in turn from severe judgment. He finds running through America's foreign policy, from early in the nation's history to the present, an unbroken thread of wisely pacifist imperialism, and discovers that America's deliberately chosen attitude of long standing is identical with Germany's providentially necessary position of today. He continues in these lectures the thesis of his last year's book: Germany's prosperity is that of Europe, and Europe's prosperity is that of America. The

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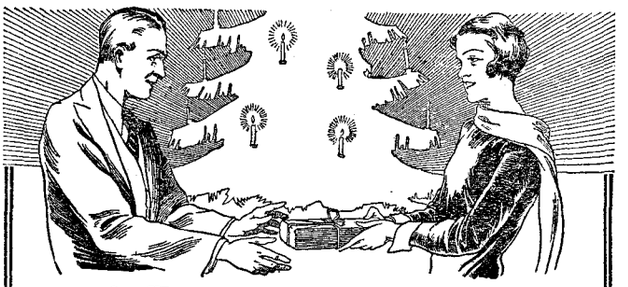

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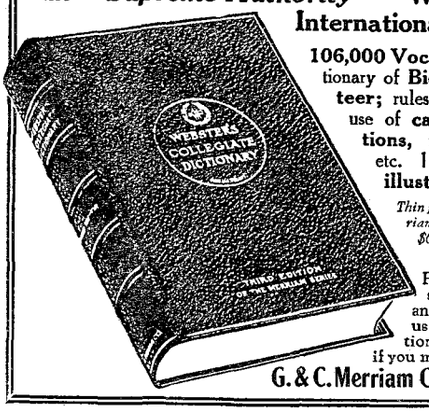

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kindly, shrewd, realistically idealistic Western republic, he is sure, understands this and will act accordingly.

Executive Agents in American Foreign Relations. By Henry Merritt Wriston. Johns Hopkins Press. $5.

Diplomatic agents, as distinct from ministers or ambassadors, have been used by most of the presidents for a variety of purposes, such as the opening of diplomatic relations, the establishment of communications with governments not yet recognized or with which diplomatic relations have been severed, the representation of the United States in colonies or dependencies where there was no regular diplomatic official, participation in international conferences, and secret or quasi-secret missions. President Wriston of Lawrence College, whose book was originally prepared as the Albert Shaw Lectures on Diplomatic History at Johns Hopkins, in 1923, has made an exhaustive study of the work of these agents and of the discussions in Congress to which their appointment has frequently given rise, and in so doing has contributed a valuable chapter to the history of American diplomacy. The connection of the American government with the curious hang-over from the Peace Conference at Paris known as the Conference of Ambassadors seems not to have been included in his inquiry, but some information is offered about the list of Americans whom President Wilson sent on their travels while the war was going on.

The Europa Year-Book, 1929. Edited by Michael Farbman. London: Europa Publications, Ltd. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd. 21s.

The only important changes to be noted in the fourth annual issue of this useful handbook are in the arrangement of the contents. The sub-section hitherto devoted to "Peace Treaty Commissions" has been enlarged to a chapter which includes disarmament, reparations, and minorities, and the whole international part of the book is placed first. The Who's Who of the various countries has been improved by the introduction of short statistical surveys in place of fragmentary tables, the Who's Who of non-Europeans in Europe now includes India and Cyprus, and the chapter on American investments in Europe has been recast. The value of the personal data would be greatly enhanced if the titles of at least the more important works of the writers who are listed were given.

Soviet Union Year Book, 1929. Compiled and Edited by A. A. Santalov and Louis Segal. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

This is the fifth annual issue of this invaluable handbook, obtainable in this country through the Amtorg Trading Corporation, New York. The new features, besides revised statistics and other factual matters, include a concise Who's Who of Russian politics, banking, literature, and science.

Political Handbook of the World. Edited by Malcolm W. Davis and Walter H. Mallory. Yale University Press. $2.50.

This is a second edition, revised to January 1, 1929, and enlarged by the inclusion of a brief section on the United States, of the reference manual issued last year by the same editors for the Council on Foreign Relations. The information that is given is restricted to parliaments or congresses, parties, and the political press, but within those limits the material has been carefully compiled, the descriptions of the tenets of foreign political parties being especially useful for American readers. It seems a pity that a work so well worth doing for the American public could not have been extended to include at least a brief summary of the political history for the year of the countries dealt with, since without some such help the book hardly fulfils the expectations which the editors, in their preface, clearly entertain. As criticism is invited, we may point out that the statement, in the new United States section, that the Republicans are "strong in the Northern and Eastern States" and the Democrats "strong in the Southern States" seems to leave the party situation in other important parts of the country up in the air.

The Soviet Union and Peace. With an Introduction by Henri Barbusse. International Publishers. $2.25.

A collection of seventy documents relating to peace and disarmament issued by the Russian Government from 1917 to 1929. The historical introduction by M. Barbusse concludes that "despite the innumerable international obstacles put in the way of the Soviet Union by its imperialist foes and opponents, it has never relinquished its aspirations toward peace, never lost an opportunity of demonstrating them, and never refused to take the initiative in advancing the affairs of peace."

The Public International Conference. By Norman L. Hill. Stanford University Press. $3.

Professor Hill's book, the only comprehensive work on the subject, sketches the history of the international conference, explains in detail the way in which such conferences have been called and their methods of organization and procedure, and considers briefly some of the limitations of the conference idea in dealing with international matters and the course which the device seems likely to take in the immediate future. The League of Nations, of course, comes in for special study, and particular consideration is given to the two Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, the Paris peace conference, the Washington conference on the limitation of naval armaments, the Genoa conference of 1922, and the Havana conference of 1928. Professor Hill concludes that the conference is a "specialized mechanism" of some value for deliberative purposes, but that it is not readily adapted to emergencies, especially those requiring prompt action; that it finds expert information difficult to obtain or use, and that recent conferences have shown a tendency to depart somewhat from the generally accepted doctrine of the equality of states and unanimity in decision. The future usefulness of the conference, Professor Hill thinks, is largely bound up with the development of the League of Nations.

British Documents on the Origins of the War. Volume IV. *The Anglo-Russian Rapprochement, 1903-1907.* Volume V. *The Near East: The Macedonian Problem and the Annexation of Bosnia, 1903-1909* Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. New York: The British Library of Information. $3.50, $5.50.

These massive volumes of more than 1,600 pages between them give one added respect for the British Foreign Office. Here are memoranda which include remarkable detailed descriptions of Russia in the throes of the 1905 revolution and of Turkey on the eve of the Young Turk revolution, as well as the stories of those revolts in daily dispatches and the long, painful history of the carving of Persia into Russian and British spheres of influence and of the growing grasp of Britain on Tibet. Official papers of the period reveal little that is new, but they do not make the story pleasanter. The text of Curzon's famous 1899 dispatch foreseeing the division of Persia is given for the first time almost in full. The minutes of Edward VII afford scanty evidence of the talent for statecraft often attributed to him. The most interesting items are the frank "minutes" jotted on official dispatches by Foreign Office officials. For instance, on October 21, 1908, a Belgrade dispatch reported the Serbian Foreign Minister as threatening war with Austria-Hungary. Thereupon the senior clerk of the Foreign Office and the assistant clerk noted: "So long

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...in, a war between ...tly affect us and might ...ans to our advantage. . . ." ...mented the Assistant Under Sec... Under Secretary added his initials ...dward Grey soberly added: "It is pos... ...ikely, that Serbia might act as M. Pachich ...ans are sure to talk in this strain for some time ...We have already advised them once to restrain them-

Fiction Shorts

Farewell to Paradise. By Frank Thiess. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

This slight idyll of adolescent love, set in a dull middle-class summer-resort hotel with a backdrop of German countryside, is told with an unadorned directness which gives it at least a certain sincerity and reality. It is to be regretted that books dealing with adolescent emotional conflicts suggest Wedekind and challenge comparison with that pioneer in the field of juvenile psychology; for there is a new generation of German youth since Wedekind, and the post-war adolescent presents, as we know, a whole new series of problems to the novelist and the dramatist. Unfortunately, no hint of this new situation is to be found in the present book, which is largely Wedekind *réchauffé.* It is atmospherically Germanic, by which is meant that these youths and maidens are dreamy and sentimental, dwelling in a fairy world far longer than do children of the same class of society elsewhere. The period of the story covers a short summer vacation at a small country hotel, with four children as central figures against a background of parents and miscellaneous guests. On the whole it lacks poignancy though not delicacy; it is, perhaps, adequate, but it is not inevitable either in tone or treatment.

The Galaxy. By Susan Ertz. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

This is the story of a really remarkable woman. She served what some men imagine to be the purpose of woman; she nourished and helped and protected from annoyance; she comforted; her life was progressively constructive. However, Laura Deverell, the woman, seems to be what she is rather in spite of the author. Susan Ertz is an excellent craftsman of a kind, but her craftsmanship appears to have been deliberately directed away from "the more important things" which one no longer scoffs at. It is the more annoying because she comes so close that one can see her turn aside. Once or twice, when she ventures into the realm of mysticism, the ventures are disastrous. It is a good story, but superficial and deliberately externalized.

Hansine Solstad: The History of an Honest Woman. By Peter Egge. Translated from the Norwegian by Jess H. Jackson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Although this novel is the first work of Peter Egge to be translated into English, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, who contributes an introduction, is authority for the statement that the author has published thirty-three volumes—novels, plays, short stories, poems; that he started his literary career as a protege of Knut Hamsun, and that he is, or has been, president of the Norwegian Authors' Association. The story is that of an intelligent peasant woman who in girlhood falls under the shadow of a dark suspicion. She is wholly innocent, but her reputation suffers a blow from which she never quite recovers. All her life, in good fortune and in bad, the shadow lingers

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over her, so far determining every act and thought that to clear her name becomes the moving passion of her soul; but the blight is never wholly dispelled. The theme is peculiarly one of the Maupassant type, and its treatment is that of the school of Flaubert. Mr. Egge tells the story with fine restraint and sure understanding but without the startling flashes which illuminate the pages of the masters of this order of writing.

A Night Among the Horses. By Djuna Barnes. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Judging from this republication of her earlier short stories and poems, Miss Barnes belongs to that lesser band of expatriates who have shouldered the burden of art. Her book, although worthy of attention because the author has embraced the worthy ideals of a serious clique, is intrinsically a failure because it contains practically all of the faults and few of the qualities of this group's work. A stilted intellectualism in dealing with hardy emotions and the simple, rough elements of the soil, an inordinate insistence on modernistic form, and a strenuous imposition of purely subjective suggestion rob these tales of the force and invigorating freshness they might otherwise possess. A certain preoccupation with the macabre, too, leads Miss Barnes to sacrifice precision and consistency for inartistic bizarre effect. Her humor, in parts almost consummately grim, subtle, and sardonic, degenerates too often into crude, boisterous mockery not far removed from the inane finger-pointing of a hysterical schoolgirl.

The Necessary Man. By Agnes Logan. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

This novel about a young Englishman who gives up love, a cherished ambition to become a veterinary, and glory in the World War for his parents and their farm provides only a fair amount of entertainment. It is the kind of book that should be read with due appreciation of its rather charming rural descriptions, its occasional dash of refreshing color, and its description of the simple, everyday life of country people of small means. The story of Sandy Brockelbank's sacrifices for others and his discovery that they have been for nothing seems to move toward tragedy. But the author happily discovers a dun-colored lining which she passes off for silver, and the story ends with thoughts of comfort for the weary. It is a pleasant, leisurely, mildly amusing tale.

A House Is Built. By M. Barnard Eldershaw. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

In 1837 Quartermaster Hyde of the British navy, finding himself on Flagstaff Hill overlooking the city of Sydney, Australia, made an important decision. As a result, two years later, having resigned from the navy, he arrived in Sydney with his two daughters and a son and established the firm of Hyde & Son, merchants—a house which, under his guidance, quickly advanced to the front rank. The reader of "A House Is Built" is led on to follow the course of this business and this family over a period of forty years, during which the Hydes grow more and more prosperous and grandchildren are born, grow to maturity, and marry. The book is a family saga. The years are punctuated with incident—dramatic episodes, love affairs, tragedies, and (for the most part) mere happenings. In the end the old quartermaster and his son are dead and the business falls into the hands of a grandson who seems of alien breed and detests a career which he cannot escape. The book is the work of two Australian women who combined their names with a prefixed M. to form a pseudonym. It is not difficult to understand how it won a £1,000 prize as the best novel in a contest open to Australian writers, for it shows no signs of collaboration and is sure, restrained, and, in its cumulative effect, poignant. Yet in spite of the obvious effort of the authors to [illegible] story with the growth and trade expansion of Austr[illegible] family with its time[illegible] work of a Galsworthy[illegible] the convicts in serried r[illegible] seem out of joint; for exc[illegible] as well have been living in [illegible] little of that unity of a Perhaps for this reason the b[illegible] greatness to the

A Great Love. By Alexandra [illegible] the Russian by Lily Lore. T[illegible]

Included in this volume by the [illegible] Mexico and Norway are three short st[illegible] sociological than aesthetic since they all [illegible] of [illegible] arising from woman's sexual role in the [illegible] scene. The title story deals with a woman who, [illegible]ized by her lover as his social and economic equal, struggles to establish a similar emotional and physical status for herself and fails. Prostitution is dealt with in the next sketch, and in the third the non-emotional attitude of the younger generation toward sex is set forth. Madame Kollontay mentions no solution more definite than "Action, constructive action. Struggle," but her statements are strong and provocative. She writes with observation and sympathy, and the acuteness of her character analyses makes the first narrative especially noteworthy.

Full Measure. By Hans Otto Storm. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Unfortunately Mr. Storm has cluttered what might have been an excellent novel with an abundance of purely extraneous material. In his delineation of human ruin caused by the tremendous expansion and consequent deflation of the radio industry, he has introduced such a complication of plot and subplot as almost completely to obliterate his main theme. Besides, the novel is too long and, like the radio company it describes, altogether too unwieldly; it lacks the hard, succinct compactness which tragedy demands. With all its obvious and serious faults, however, "Full Measure" has a crude force and a skill in characterization which suggest better work later.

Stranger Fidelities. By Mathilde Eiker. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

After the World War and an all too brief voyage to Cytherea with John Meglassen, a young and capable American business man who had enlisted, Marie-Hélène conscientiously sacrifices her lover to return to her uninteresting husband who has just been demobilized. The latter dies and, for no particular reason other than the insistence of her pretentious aunt, Marie-Hélène marries Colonel Barbour, elderly, pompous, and wealthy. To him she is unremittingly loyal and enters with infinite grace into his sedate existence in America, but throughout the years of her second marriage she waits in inarticulate fashion for word from her lover, and at times misses a meeting only by the merest chance. When at last she is released from the Colonel, Marie-Hélène sees John again in France. In the lovers' wanderings along the Riviera it seems that a final, glorious compensation is being meted out to them for years of boredom, misery, and bitter disappointment; but John is as eminently loyal as was Marie-Hélène, even to the wife for whom he has no real love, and for that reason the new alliance can not be permanent. Marie-Hélène also realizes that "her moments of happiness must ever be jewels set in a cross." The character-drawing of this woman of determined loyalty and superlative virtues is not wholly successful. One seldom feels that she is the beautiful warm woman the story requires; she seems instead to be austerely remote from life even when most human, and almost calculatingly cold-blooded when self-abnegating.

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